THE BOOKMAN

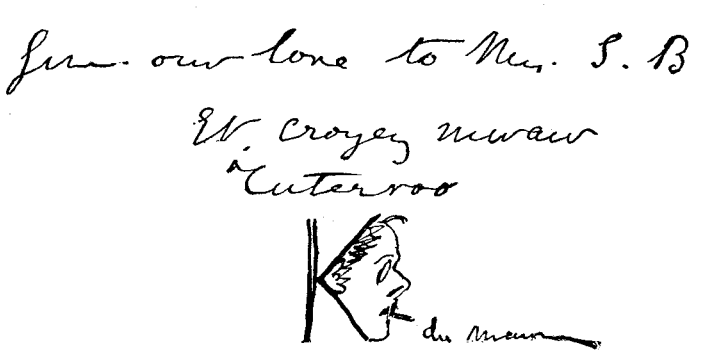
A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1896. No. 3.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not, and to this rule no exception will be made.*

The following letter was written by George Du Maurier to Shirley Brooks when he was editor of *Punch*, in which he mentions the artists Frith, Calderon, and Destoches, Edmund Yates, and Bellew, the fashionable preacher of the day.



1 ALBION PLACE, RAMSGATE.
Wednesday.

DEAR SHIRLEY: Ave! I have been a long time answering the last, but for the first few days I felt seedy and out of sorts, the usual effect of the first week of the seaside on me.

We are having a very jolly time with Frith, Calderon, Destoches *et quibusdam aliis;* and the sooner (the) Shirleys come the better; there are to be Yates and *elle*, and Bellew shall be hot i' the mouth, too. You and I will leave the giddy throng and retire to some solitary place where we can see the bathers; I have no doubt Frith will join us and Bellew (with an opera glass, which he will keep all to himself, with the usual selfishness of his cloth).

I congratulate you on your lines about Faraday. I am going to devote the rest of my leisure here to a black edge poem about myself, and if you like I will put in a word for you.

I suppose that this will find you somewhere in Cornwall. Give my kind regards to the Cuddleips if you are with them. I am much afraid that your arrival here will be after our departure, from what Mr. Frith said. We stay here W. P. and D. V. for another fortnight.

I have been working hard all day and am more than usually idiotic, or I should write you a longer letter and paint the fascination of Ramsgate more glowingly.

Then follow the contents of the third page, which is here reproduced.

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Mr. Du Maurier's sudden death on October 8th, though foreshadowed in the reports of his condition that had been already sent from England, came as a shock to every one. His name has been so long familiar in every household that there is everywhere a sense of personal loss. His career was quite unique, having been marked by a great popular success in two entirely distinct lines of effort. It is a little early to judge of each success with accuracy; but we think that his reputation will be longest felt in art, for his drawings are so typical in their social characterisations as to make them an abiding part of the history of manners in the latter half of the nineteenth century. His indirect influence upon at least the superficial thought of the time was by no means small. He elevated the æsthetic fad to the position of a genuine craze even in satirising it, and in a way made possible not only the broad burlesque of Mr. Gilbert's *Patience*, but a widespread interest in the erratic productions of *The Yellow Book* school.

It is, however, of course with *Trilby* that Mr. Du Maurier's name is at the present moment most closely linked, because of the almost incomprehensible vogue to which that picturesque story attained. The causes of this unique success—a success won by a man without any technical literary training—have been variously defined, but we think that the most powerful cause of all has hardly received adequate attention. It is true that much of the charm of *Trilby* is found in its perfect naturalness and spontaneity. The book is, in fact, one of the best examples of the new style of narrative, which discards form and substitutes the cheery vivacity of the club smoking-room for the polished periods of the professional writer's study. It is true, also, that the sympathetic and broad humanity of its spirit imparts a certain geniality to its pages of which few can resist the charm. But something more than these things is to be found and noted, though it is perhaps a little difficult to explain. It is pretty generally true that books of a really immoral tendency, and filled with characters and scenes of an evil type are never really popular. They often cause a sensational sort of flurry and sell on the strength of it in large numbers, as did *A Green Carnation* and *Jude the Obscure* and the cynical novels of John Oliver Hobbes; but they leave a bad taste in the mouth and soon sink into oblivion. For they really appeal only to persons of vicious tastes, and persons of vicious tastes are fortunately in a small minority. On the other hand, the good and the virtuous, perhaps in proportion to their goodness and virtue, love dearly to get an occasional glimpse of a side of life that is not theirs—to be pleasantly horrified, in fact. The naughty Trilby and the frisky Zou Zou typified this life without unduly shocking the observer; and, moreover, Trilby, who really went over the line, was so repentant and so full of soft sweetness and undeserved unhappiness as to mollify even the sternest reader. One's characters indeed may sin a good deal in a book as in life, if only they are sufficiently sorry afterward, and especially if they expiate their sins in a picturesquely satisfactory manner. We all know that to many worthy persons a reformed drunkard is a much more interesting person than an individual who has never been a drunkard at all; and while we all abhor a murderer when he is on the rampage, no sooner is he securely caged and sentenced to a merited death than women begin filling his cell with flowers. Now Trilby was really a pretty bad lot, but she was so adorably penitent and so cruelly punished besides, that every one's heart went out to her in a gush of sympathy. They were pleasantly shocked by her sins and virtuously satisfied by her punishment, and having enjoyed a little glimpse into a discreetly revealed Bohemia, they felt that they had been most delightfully entertained. And this, we think, is why *Trilby* was so successful.

The newspaper accounts of Mr. Du Maurier's end all relate that he himself ascribed it in part to the annoyance brought upon him by the extraordinary popularity of his novel; and one sheet headed its cable dispatches with the announcement, "Killed by Trilby!" Now we do not think that Mr. Du Maurier could really have meant this, as it would have been a perfectly ridiculous bit of affectation. When an author sets out to write a book, and makes contracts with publishers, does he do so with the hope and expectation

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that the book will be a failure? We trow not! And if Mr. Du Maurier was so vexed over the annoyance brought upon him by authorship, would he have straightway set to work upon another novel? Again, we respectfully decline to believe it. A published interview with one of his friends describes his latter days as troubled by "cheques raining down upon him, which with his heart complications brought about his death." Well, all we can say is that if we had to select our own form of death, we think that we, too, should like to perish in a rain of cheques.

❀

Mr. Phil May, who will undoubtedly take the late Mr. Du Maurier's place as chief among *Punch's* artists, accepted a seat at *Punch's* table in February, 1895. To draw for *Punch* is a very different and far less notable thing than joining the *Punch* table; the former privilege has come to many artists, the latter honour is reserved for the few. Mr. Harry Furniss, for instance, drew for a long time prior to being invited to the famous weekly dinners. Very few outsiders have penetrated into the charmed circle. It was the London *Sketch* which first gave Phil May a large canvas for his excellent work, which had before that been cramped by over-reduction to fit smaller pages. The poignant wit and genius of this clever artist have an individuality which is distinctly his own. The Macmillan Company are about to bring out a book of his, entitled *Gutter-Snipes*, in which the text as well as the illustrations have been supplied by the artist. Mr. May's experiences with the models for his well-known pictures of street-boy life furnished a striking attraction in one of the monthly magazines some time ago, which appeared among a series of illustrated interviews with several book illustrators, so that in this volume we may expect to see him at his best. We are permitted through the courtesy of his publishers to reproduce one of the pictures from *Gutter-Snipes* as an example of Mr. Phil May's art.

❀

To the hybrid literary brood of miscellaneous journalism being collected between book-covers with an alarming increase lately, another publication must be added. Mr. L. F. Austin has gath-

PHIL MAY.

DRAWN BY FRANK W. RICHARDS.

From the London *Sketch*.

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A SWELL

FROM "GUTTER-SNIPES." BY PHIL MAY.

ered some of his brilliant *causeries* which appear every week in the London *Sketch*. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company will be his publishers, and the title of the volume, *At Random*, is taken from the caption of his *causerie* in the *Sketch*. The versatility of the writer and the variety of his themes may be indicated by the motto which he uses there :

"We'll e'en to 't, like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. Austin is one of the most accomplished of the younger journalists in London, and during the temporary absence of Mr. Henry Norman has been acting as Mr. Massingham's assistant editor on the *Daily Chronicle*.

❀

One of the prettiest posters we have seen this season is that which has been made for Mabel Osgood Wright's *Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts*. Judged by the inspiration which the artist has

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received from *Tommy-Anne* for this poster, we should expect that Mrs. Wright's nature story would be one of the most attractive books for children. Mrs. Wright is already well known as the author of *Birdcraft*. *Tommy-Anne* is illustrated by Albert D. Blashfield. The cover design is quite unique, being a mosaic of bird and beast life.

❀

Mr. Bliss Carman, who, as the "Modern Athenian," is conducting certain literary discussions with himself in the columns of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, lets the mood of a verb in the September BOOKMAN furnish him with two columns of protestant argument. This is the sentence of his text: "As an admirer of Stevenson, Mr. Doxey is, of course, no disciple of decadence." Perhaps we should have said: "As an admirer of Stevenson, Mr. Doxey ought not, of course, to be a disciple of decadence." And by this proposition THE BOOKMAN would stand without once grounding arms.

❀

The most irritating of all experiences to the lover of Stevenson, who admires him as the whole man and as the complete artist, is to find him identified with the clique of literary dilettantes. Mr. Bliss Carman wonders what we think "decadence" means. That is of little importance. What the public means by "decadence" is the amateurish and the eccentric in current literature, the wilful departure from normal standards. Stevenson should not be classed by the public who do not know him in the category of dilettantes just because certain young men, who think that art is all made up of having a good time, claim Stevenson, the son of joy, as their prophet. His art is made of sterner stuff. The pressure of suffering was on him from the first, and gave his gaiety its strongest appeal. But those who could not discover the thinking man and the wrestling man in those first smiling essays and buoyant travels, have *Weir of Hermiston* to silence them. Stevenson's whole art had been advancing toward that goal, away from mere virtuosity to exigent life, with its moral struggle and its moral tragedy.

❀

As for associating Stevenson with the "eccentrics," well, Stevenson is the champion of classicism in prose, and always of the normal in art. And in criticism he has been the great apostle of conservatism, so far as the conservative is the vital. By no means are the discrimi-

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nating admirers of Stevenson the disciples of decadence, if decadence mean anything at all. And if it mean nothing, are THE BOOKMAN editors responsible for using it in a "loose journalistic sense"?

❀

In the course of the discussion on the proposed memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, it was suggested that he was not a true patriot, and in particular that he had no love for Edinburgh, and in the *Critic* for September 26th the suggestion gained currency on this side. Besides the internal evidence in his work, we are able to extract from a private letter of his, dated from Boulogne-sur-Mer, September 4th, 1872, the following sentences, which ought to be decisive on this point:

"After all, new countries, sun, music, and all the rest, can never take down our gusty, rainy, smoky, grim old city out of the first place that it has been making for itself in the bottom of my soul by all pleasant and hard things that have befallen me for the past twenty years or so. My heart is buried there—say in Advocate's Close!"

❀

Mr. John Lane, who has been in New York during October establishing a branch of the Bodley Head in this city, celebrated the re-christening of Sir Thomas Bodley "of the Bodley Head, London, and now of New York, Knight," by giving a dinner to his friends on the evening of Friday, October 9th, at the Everett House. Among those present were Ian Maclaren, Richard Watson Gilder, Will H. Bradley, Robert Bridges, and Edwin Penfield. Mr. Lane's list will not be very large this season, but it has some good names. For example, he has a novel by Richard Le Gallienne and one by G. S. Street, the author of *The Autobiography of a Boy;* a book of child's verse by Gabriel Setoun; also books from Alice Meynell, Evelyn Sharp, John Davidson, Ella D'Arcy, and others. Besides these Mr. Lane has had transferred to him through the courtesy of several American firms certain books of his which have been published recently by them, notably *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame, and *Galloping Dick*, by H. B. Marriott Watson. *The Studio* and *The Yellow Book* will also be issued in future from Mr. Lane's office in New York.

❀

Mr. Lane will publish Mr. F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett* in England shortly after Christmas. Mr. Lane is not the only English publisher who has been interested in Mr. Stimson's novel, and certain English critics are enthusiastic in their praise of the book. *King Noanett* bids fair to be the novel of the season.

❀

Recently, on the occasion of Mrs. Stowe's death, our readers had a taste of one of those admirable papers which Mrs. Fields has contributed from time to time on Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, and other New England authors, and which are to be collected in a book entitled *Authors and Friends*. This book, which should have been published this month, has had to be postponed until later in the year because of Mrs. Fields's anxiety to make it as complete and finished in its contents as possible. We expect to have something of more than ordinary interest to say about Mrs. Fields and her book in our next number. By the way, the publication of *Some Memories of Hawthorne*, by his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, which has also been announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company to appear this autumn, has been postponed until next year.

❀

The Literary World (London) suggests that the title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems, *The Seven Seas*, has probably been taken from Omar Khayyám's fine lines.

"When you and I behind the Veil have passed,
O, but the long, long while the World will last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the Seven Seas might heed a pebble-cast."

❀

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just published a second series of *The World Beautiful*, by Lilian Whiting. We are not surprised to learn, when we remember the large popularity which the first series has enjoyed, that before the second series was formally published already two editions had been exhausted, which consisted of four thousand copies. The same firm has also recently issued a volume entitled *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere*, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. We regret that our last report from London of Mrs. Moulton's health is not at all encouraging.

❀

Mr. Edward Arnold has in the press a new novel, entitled *Life the Accuser*,

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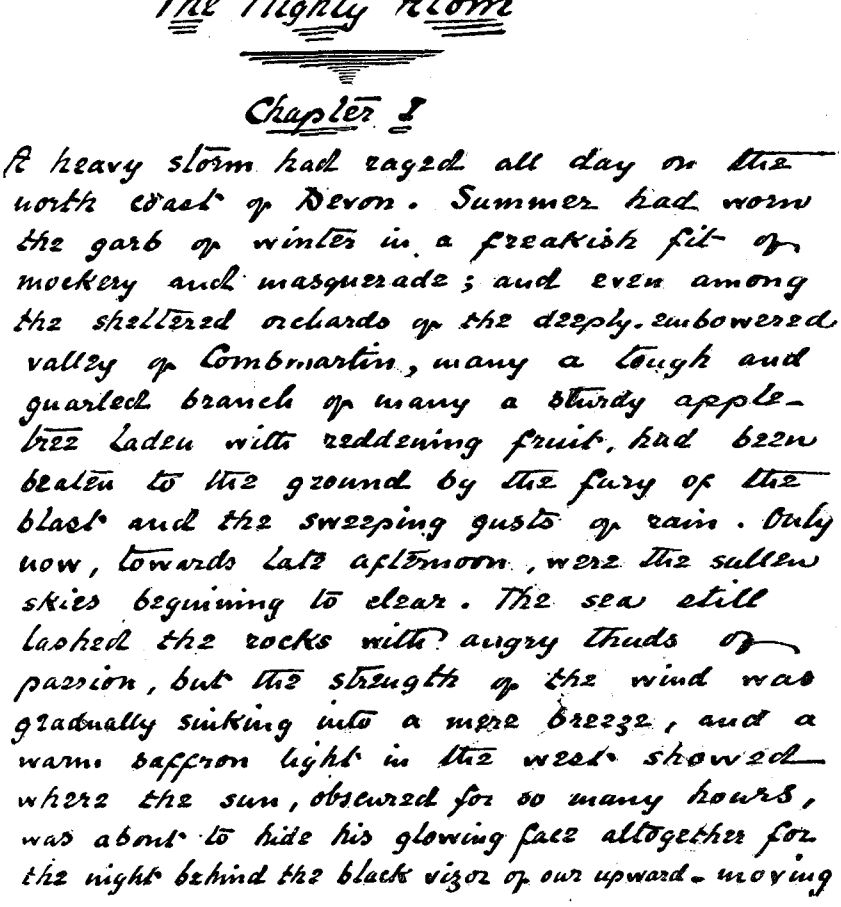
by Miss Emma Brooke, the anonymous author of *A Superfluous Woman* and *Transition*. Those who read *A Superfluous Woman* will remember distinctly the hero of the story, in the fashioning of whom Miss Brooke showed a real understanding of character. It was no ordinary bungling hand that made Colin. It took a power little short of greatness to grasp the meaning of his inarticulateness, the quiet that came to the poetic Highlander from his hills. *Transition* would have succeeded better had it not been shadowed by *Marcella*. We understand that in *Life the Accuser* Miss Brooke has out-distanced both her former books.


The Mighty Atom

Chapter I

A heavy storm had raged all day on the north coast of Devon. Summer had worn the garb of winter in a freakish fit of mockery and masquerade; and even among the sheltered orchards of the deeply-embowered valley of Combmartin, many a tough and guarled branch of many a sturdy apple-tree laden with reddening fruit, had been beaten to the ground by the fury of the blast and the sweeping gusts of rain. Only now, towards late afternoon, were the sullen skies beginning to clear. The sea still lashed the rocks with angry thuds of passion, but the strength of the wind was gradually sinking into a mere breeze, and a warm saffron light in the west showed where the sun, obscured for so many hours, was about to hide his glowing face altogether for the night behind the black visor of our upward-moving

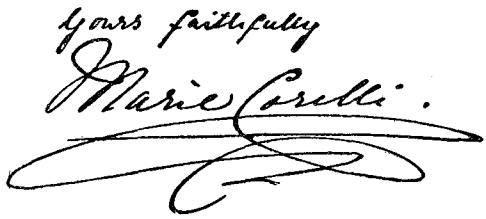
FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MS. OF "THE MIGHTY ATOM."

❀

We don't think very much of Marie Corelli, as the more acute of our readers may possibly have been able dimly to infer. But she has her good points. She sends her novels to the printers in the most beautifully legible manuscript, thereby setting a noble example to all literary persons. We give a specimen page herewith, hoping that any intending contributors to THE BOOKMAN who may see it will take it as a model.

❀

Mr. George D. Sproul, of this city, is bringing out, in connection with an English house, a very sumptuous gift-book, entitled *The Book of Beauty*, containing portraits of beautiful women and children, mostly of noble birth or connections, belonging to the late Victorian era; besides some other interesting bits in the way of fac-similes of manuscripts, autographs, etc. It is to be in two volumes to sell for $100.


Yours faithfully
Marie Corelli.

MARIE CORELLI'S AUTOGRAPH.

❀

An amusing "break" is to be found

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From a pencil sketch made by G. Stewart Newton, given to the late Rt. Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe by the artist's sister in 1832.

in the October number of *Demorest's Family Magazine*, which purports to give an elaborate picture of the Washington Arch, in this city. At the top is a perfectly legible inscription in Latin to the Roman emperor, Septimius Severus!

❀

Running over a list of Spanish translations of well-known English and American novels published by the Messrs. Appleton, we are amused at the way in which some of our old friends disguise themselves in Castilian. Thus Señor Roberto Luis Stevenson is down for *El Caso Extraño del Dr. Jekyll*, and also for *Plagiado*, in which not every one will recognise *Kidnapped*. Señor Fargeon fathers *Pan*, *Queso y Besos*, and el Señor Dr. Doyle *La Guardia Blanca*. Particularly good is *El Caballero Don Juan Jalifax*, by la Señorita Mulock; and best of all, *Margarita de la Ó*, by Señor Carlos Reade, whose immortal Peg would never know herself under such a title.

❀

Here is an able Frenchman giving us a hitherto unsuspected bit of information about our civilisation and social customs. M. Gabriel Tarde, in his highly scientific work, *Les Lois de l'Imitation* (1895), gravely sets forth the interesting fact that "all American women chew," and that hence the spittoon is an ornament of every American home! We suspect that a prowling Gaul at some time or other has come upon the local habit of "dipping," and told some one about it, who in turn told some one else, who with variations repeated it to M. Tarde. And thus do nations come to judge each other's ways.

❀

Sir Edwin Arnold, late candidate for the office of Poet Laureate of England, has now come down to selling poems to advertisers, who use them to promote the sale of Bovril and patent medicines. After all, there is something to be thankful for in the selection of Mr. Alfred Austin. He may not be much of a poet, but he is also most certainly not a literary Cheap Jack.

❀

In a sprightly sheet published at Santa Barbara, Cal., we find a Latin mask fitted upon another old acquaintance, no less a person than the worthy John Gilpin. We give one verse for our classical readers:

"Iohannes Gilpin civis fuit,
Fama et bono nomine,
Centurio praetorius
Famosae urbis Londini."

❀

Mr. Lang's *Life of J. G. Lockhart* and a book recently published in England called *The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love* recall a passage which was written by a reviewer in *Tait's Magazine* in 1837, when Lockhart's *Life* was first published. "A mystery is for the first time," wrote this reviewer, "made of a matter that has been the current gossip in Scotland for more than forty years," adding, "Tens of thousands in Scotland have the power of filling the hiatus." The name of the lady to which this mystery referred was soon made known as Willamina Belches Stuart, afterward known as Lady Forbes. That Scott at the age

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of eighteen first held converse with the young lady under a sheltering umbrella one rainy Sunday in Greyfriar's Churchyard is well known; so is his long courtship of seven years at Edinburgh and at Inverman. Scott was finally jilted, however, for a more lucky suitor, a friend of his own, William Forbes, son of Sir William Forbes, the great banker. Thirty years after, Lady Jane, the mother of Miss Stuart, wrote to Sir Walter: "Were I to lay open my heart (of which you knew little indeed), you would find how it is and ever shall be warm toward you. My age encourages me, and I have now to tell you that the mother who bore you followed you not more anxiously (though secretly) with her blessing than I. Age has its tales to tell and sorrows to unfold." They had not met for thirty years, but Scott now went to see the mother of his first love, fully softened himself, and afterward wrote in his diary: "What a romance to tell—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be caricatured, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."

LADY FORBES.

Sir Walter Scott's First Love.

❀

Two new editions of the Waverley Novels are at present on the market; an edition in forty-eight volumes, published by Edward Arnold, which is a facsimile reprint of the favourite Cadell Edition (1829) of Sir Walter Scott, and the Standard Edition, in twenty-five volumes, made by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and published in this country by the Macmillan Company.

❀

The Bureau of Education at Washington has compiled some very interesting statistics showing the number of students following each of the principal courses of study in the high schools and the private schools respectively, and thus giving some clue to the intellectual tastes and the forms of culture that will dominate the next generation of American men and women. Thus of 252,931 high-school pupils, 133,177 are studying Algebra, 60,570 Geometry, 54,219 Physics, and 23,285 Chemistry. In languages, Latin leads with 100,319, followed at a distance by German with 27,760 students, French with 14,959, and Greek with only 7922. History is pursued by 78,917.

❀

Of the 86,147 scholars in the private schools of the country, Algebra attracts 41,106; Geometry, 19,587; Physics, 18,998; and Chemistry, 9554. Latin again leads among the languages with 37,715; French here slightly passes German with 17,756 as against 15,025; while Greek again brings up the rear with 8278. History is studied by 31,212. We are interested to see the general proportion so nearly alike in both classes of schools, and in especial are agreeably surprised to see a classical language (Latin) not only leading in the linguistic courses, but standing second in the number of its students in the whole range of subjects. The comparatively small number of those who choose the natural sciences is also somewhat remarkable in this age of utilitarian aims.

❀

The schoolmaster is abroad again, and this time in the South. A large educa-

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Yours very truly,
Mary Hartwell Catherwood

tional publishing house of this city has received a letter from which we cull the following sentences as exercises in English as she is sometimes written :

"The accepting of present position as Principal of the ——— Institute which under separate cover I send paper containing announcement of organisation, etc., and as it is an institution of some celebrity among the mountains of ——— it is predicted that in the fulness of time that the introduction of bright modern books is prequisite to substantial advancement. Our previous relations priorly so pleasant only being hampered by antiquated patronage, it is presumed that the present environment will be more progressive.

"As the school is but nominal in numbers and unpronounced as to advancement, it is suggested to introduce of such elementary works that will inspire the pupil and encourage the parent or Guardian. Will thank you with a view of introduction and it meets with your approval to please send for examination the following named books under the restrictions governing such mailing."

❀

It may have been noticed by observant readers that Mrs. Goodwin's *White Aprons*, which was published in the spring, has been appearing with increasing frequency on our "Lists of the Best Six Selling Books," which is an evidence of its growing popularity. *White Aprons*, now in its third edition, deserves the favour which the reading public is showing it. Her previous romance of colonial Virginia, entitled *The Head of a Hundred*, has passed through several editions. Mrs. Almond Goodwin's latest book was her *Life of Dolly Madison*, contributed to the Scribner's series of Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, the publishers of Mrs. Goodwin's work in fiction, have just issued a new historical romance by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of the famous *With Fire and Sword* series. This latest book, translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin, has been pronounced by several critics who are conversant with the work of Sienkiewicz, to be the author's greatest achievement. "*Quo Vadis*," as it is called, deals with Rome in the days of Nero, and many of the strange exciting scenes which blaze across the dark pages of Nero's reign enter into the fabric of the work. Among other historical characters familiar to us during that period, those of St. Peter and St. Paul figure prominently in the story. A review of the novel appears on another page.

❀

In the list of books by Mr. Quiller-Couch, which we furnished in these columns last month, there was one omission, *The Splendid Spur*, which was published in 1889, London and New York. The reason for this oversight arose from the fact that the novel was published anonymously. There has also been published during the month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company *Fairy Tales Far and Near*, retold by "Q" and illustrated by H. R. Millar.

❀

The appearance of Mrs. Alice Meynell's sonnet, "Renouncement," in the August BOOKMAN has been the occasion of several interesting letters, which we now gratefully acknowledge. One of these correspondents, who is herself a poet and has contributed to our pages, Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, has recalled to us a similar sonnet entitled "Compensation," which appeared in a

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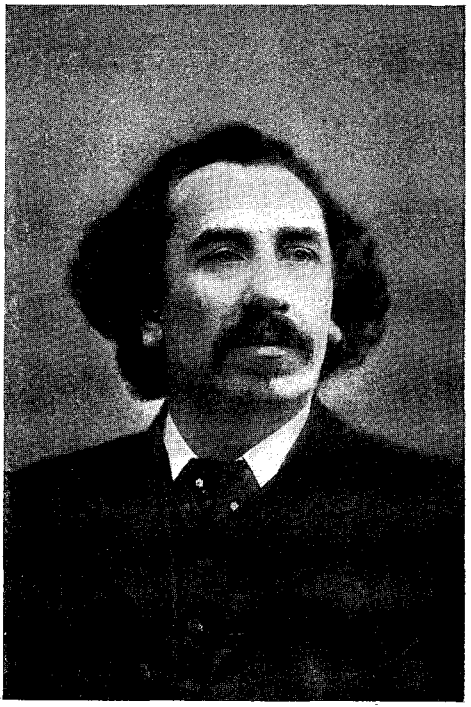
little book of verse entitled *A Handful of Lavender*, published some five years ago, by Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese. The concept in both sonnets is the same, but we still feel that Mrs. Meynell's is the finer and more poignant in expression. For those of our readers who might like to read this sonnet we quote it herewith :

"All day I bar you from my slightest thought ;
Make myself clear of you or any mark
Of our wrecked dawn and the uprising lark ;
Am stern and strong, and do the thing I ought.
Yet ever are there moments with you fraught :
I hear you like some glad sound in the dark ;
You wait like bloom outside my branches stark ;
I dare not heed ; else were my fight unfought.
But when the clamour and the heat are done,
And spent with both I come unto that door
Sleep opens for me every setting sun,
The bitter lies behind, the sweet before.
We that are twain by day, at night are one.
A dream can bring me to your arms once more."

Miss Cloud, in writing of *A Handful of Lavender*, says : "I think you will find this poetry full of nice reserves, which are of themselves a powerful expression. She is more potent than spontaneous, and her strong point is not characterisation. But her natural description holds the human element." It needed not the dedication to Sidney Lanier to convince us of the influence of this poet on Miss Reese's thought and art. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, who published this volume, have a new book of poems by her, entitled *A Quiet Road*, almost ready for publication. Miss Reese has the gift of waiting, writes rarely, and lets nothing pass without the most exacting judgment. Her work bears the stamp of distinction, and deserves the genuine favour which has been shown it by the best critics. A poem by Miss Reese appears on another page.

❀

Mr. W. J. Dawson, of whom our London correspondent writes as a marked man, has just published, through Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, a new book entitled *The Story of Hannah*. The tale is largely the result of Mr. Dawson's studies which produced his *London Idylls*. *The Story of Hannah* retains the idyllic note, but the scene is removed to a remote village, and the theme is the life of a girl in a Nonconformist manse thirty years ago. In spite of the depreciation of Hazlitt, Mr.



W. J. DAWSON.

Dawson believes that there must be ample material in English life for a true idyll of Dissent, and that there are English villages which can furnish very fair analogues to "Thrums" and "Drumtochty." Mr. Dawson has already, for a young man, had an honourable career as a clergyman, and as the author of several works in poetry, criticism, practical religion, and fiction. His first effort in fiction, called *The Redemption of Edward Strahan*, written about five years ago, convinced him that his equipment for novel writing was not yet complete, and he wrote his next book, *London Idylls*, which attracted a great deal of attention, as a preparatory study for a larger work and as a training for the story which is now published.

❀

There is a strong historical foundation for *The Gray Man*, Mr. Crockett's new book, just issued by the Messrs. Harper. The striking and terrible story of Sawny Bean is an extensive and venerable legend, and the chap-book in which it is to be found is the oldest on record. Mr. Crockett has a copy of about 1680, and in these records of the people the

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tale is laid between 1580 and 1603. We understand that in England the phenomenally large first edition of thirty-five thousand copies of *The Gray Man* was all subscribed, and that the publishers had to go to press with the book again before the date of publication. Mr. Crockett has finished *Lochinvar*, the sequel to *The Men of the Moss Hags*, which will first be published serially in America by the McClure Syndicate. He is now engaged on another story, to be entitled *The Red Axe*, the scene of which is laid in Pomerania. He is also preparing a book for boys and a series of love stories, which will probably go under the general title of *Lad's Love*.

❀

The lamentable ignorance or indifference that exists in the minds of certain people regarding art and literature, illustrated by the story in our last number of the bookseller who believed Lowell was the editor of THE BOOKMAN, because his name is on the cover, is further emphasised by the following recital of two actual occurrences. "Sitting on the seat on the Loughrigg Terrace," writes a correspondent, "known to visitors as 'rest-and-be-thankful,' and commanding perhaps the most magnificent view in the English Lakeland, we were joined by three tourists, all of them in the full prime of life, and, apparently, of the middle class and intelligent. Judge of our horror when one of them remarked to his companions, 'I suppose Wordsworth has left these parts now and gone to live in London?' We looked at the speaker's face, expecting to find that he was joking. But no; he was in earnest. And this is fame, thought we! But comfort came to us in a moment, when one of his companions replied in quiet, decided tones, in which conviction rang out sharp and clear, 'Wordsworth will *never* leave these parts.' Think of that!" The second incident was a friend's experience a few years ago. He was in the Doré Gallery, and standing in front of the picture "Christ leaving the Prætorium," when a gentleman said to him, "Can you tell me if this"—indicating the picture—"took place in Rome or in Jerusalem?" "In Jerusalem." "Before or after the Crucifixion?"

❀

W. V.: Her Book and Various Verses, which was reviewed in our July number from advance sheets, has only now made its appearance in public. The book is so important a contribution to child literature that we are constrained to bring it before the attention of our readers again. "The most brilliant among our younger critics wrote me lately," says Claudius Clear, "that he was making a book out of his articles, and that among all the volumes he had reviewed, two stood out pre-eminently as striking a note of their own. One of these was Mr. Canton's previous work, *The Invisible Playmate*. I think his new book will set its seal even more strongly and deeply on the minds of all lovers of children and of lovers of poetry itself. It is to my mind the most likely to survive of any new book I have read this year, and in the literature of children it will take a high and permanent place." We may say that Messrs. Stone and Kimball, who are the publishers of Mr. Canton's new book, have also secured the American rights of *The Invisible Playmate*, which was first published in this country by Messrs. J. Selwyn Tait and Sons, and will issue it shortly in uniform style with *W. V.: Her Book*. The publishers explain the delay in preparing the latter for publication through the great difficulty they encountered in reproducing in this country so delicate a design as is used on the cover of the book, and which caused the postponement of its publication from day to day until now. The artist who made this cover design is Mr. John Twachtman, who has already made a reputation as a painter, and whose first attempt at designing was exhibited in the well-known poster for *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. A portrait of Mr. William Canton appeared in our August number.

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen's *Summer in Arcady*, although published in the early summer, has already passed through several editions, and is to be issued this month in England by the Messrs. Dent. Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Company have also recently published *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, by the same author, in one volume. We notice, however, that they have reprinted the former story as it appeared in *Harper's Monthly*. This is a pity, as Mr. Allen, like Mr. Barrie, always retouches and polishes his

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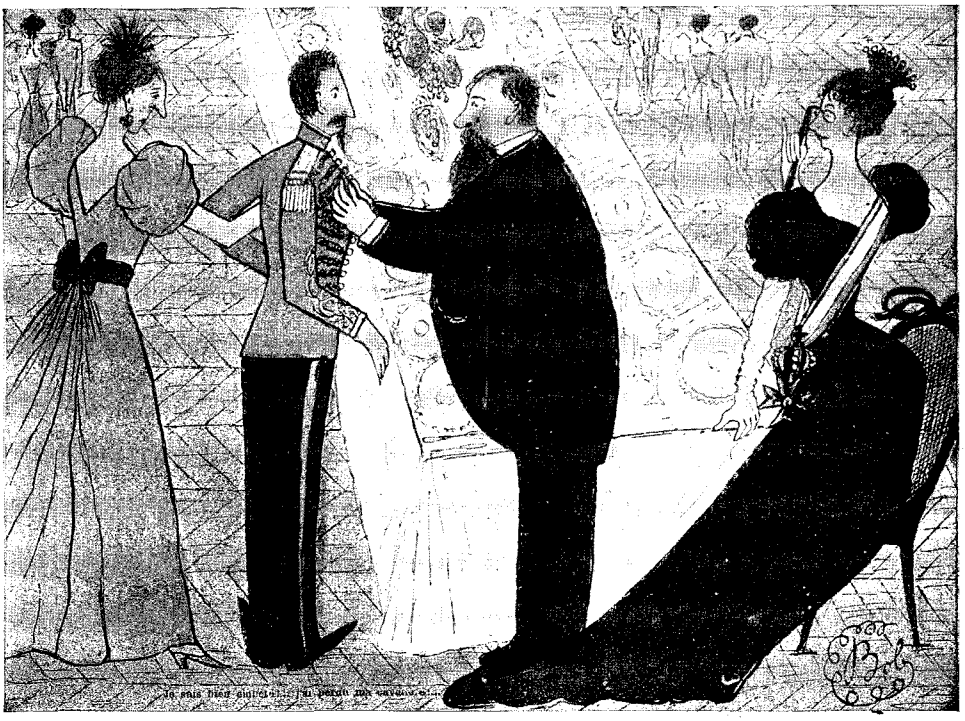

FROM "OHÉ! LES DIRIGEANTS." BY "GYP."

work to the last degree before giving it final shape in book form.

❀

The Wheels of Chance, Mr. H. G. Wells's new story, and a much pleasanter one, we are happy to say, than his last gruesome tale, is also published in England by the Messrs. Dent and in America by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Wells is regarded by many literary people as the best of the young writers, and *The Wheels of Chance*, by several critics who have read it, as his best performance. Mr. Barrie has a great admiration for him. It was his *When a Man's Single*, it will be remembered, which gave Mr. Wells his first literary inspiration, and wooed him away from the laboratory. *The Wheels of Chance* is likely to gain him the same popularity in America which his previous books have won for him in England. Another story by him entitled *The War of the Worlds*, in which the inhabitants of Mars are brought into conflict with the denizens of our mundane sphere, will be published in the autumn of 1897 by Mr. Edward Arnold, after running as a serial in *The Cosmopolitan*.

About the most decadent form that art has recently assumed is to be seen in the latest books of "Gyp" (Mme. la Comtesse de Martel). This lively lady has paused in her production of society novels to plunge into an anti-Semitic crusade. In *Gens Chics* and *Ohé! les Dirigeants* she assails the Jews with a vigour fully equal to that of M. Drumont himself. It is the illustrations, however, that startle one. They are drawn in the general style of a schoolboy's first attempts on a slate, and are coloured in gaudy reds, yellows, and other primary hues. We reproduce one of them from *Ohé! les Dirigeants* for the edification of our readers. It is not, in some respects, one of the most characteristic, but it is one that will, at any rate, give some notion of this curious freak in book-illustrating, and will also be void of offence. It may be added that in many of these seeming scrawls there are indications that an artist of real talent is the author.

❀

The critics in London are making a mystery of the authorship of *The Statement of Stella Maberly*, while the book has been published for a month on this

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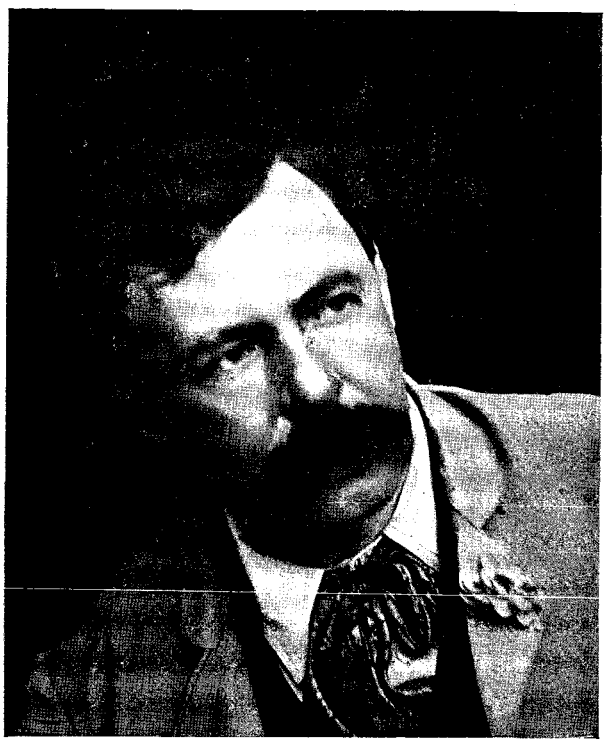

Faithfully Yours
Harold Frederic

side with Mr. F. Anstey's name plain as a pike-staff on the title-page. Of this story Mr. Zangwill says: "The madman's story in *Pickwick* is not more powerful and certainly not so subtle."

❀

In answer to the question, "What American writer is being the most widely read in England at present?" put to Ian Maclaren by the interviewers on his arrival in this country, he replied invariably without hesitation, "Harold Frederic; we consider his latest book, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, or *Illumination*, as we know it, the strongest book of the year." It is a singular fact, only to be explained, we suppose, by the law of contrast, that the genial, sympathetic, optimistic preacher should be so strongly attracted by a work that is decidedly depressing and pessimistic in tone, and belonging in its treatment of realism to the literature of disillusion. But all the same, *Theron Ware* is a book full of ideas, of fine observation, and strongly drawn characters. Sister Soulsby, let us say in passing, is inimitable. We surmise that we have not heard the last of Ware. He had a bad fall, but he was not the kind of man to die of it. "'Talk is what tells these days,'" he says when he has somewhat recovered, "'who knows! I may turn up in Washington a full-blown senator before I am forty.'" But whether we have seen the last of Ware or not, we still count on many notable things from his creator. There has been a number of portraits of Mr. Harold Frederic of late which all seem to belie one another; we are pleased therefore to be able to present our readers with one which is trustworthy, having been photographed by Mr. Frederic himself for THE BOOKMAN. Since the one was taken which was reproduced in our May number, Mr. Frederic has shaved his beard.

❀

When asked what was considered the best novel published in England this year, Dr. Watson named *The Sowers*, by Henry Seton Merriman. Mr. Merriman's novel still continues to be the best selling book on the other side, and there are signs of an awakening interest in the book on this side also. Mr. Arthur Waugh, in his London Letter to the *Critic* of September 19th, writes: "It seems that even the managers of circulating libraries have at last been obliged to recognise the merits of *The Sowers*, and the country villages to whom the author has hitherto been practically unknown have begun to make inquiries for his new book. Every one who is interested in literature will be glad that Mr. Merriman has arrived at this satisfaction, not because a large circulation is of the least literary value of itself, but simply for the fact that a great many people will now for the first time enjoy the great flavour of his work."

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We spoke some time ago of Mr. Harold Frederic's having, on the whole, been able to keep his English undefiled by what Professor Brander Matthews calls Briticisms. Bret Harte has been equally successful, yet once in a while, like Mr. Frederic, he stumbles a little. In his *Hollow of the Hills* (p. 127) he has, for instance, the following :

"Since the recent robberies, the local express companies and bankers have refused to receive it *except* the owners were known and identified."

Mr. Henry James, too, in his serial now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* (September number) speaks of "*an* hotel," showing the effect of his continued contact with a nation of h-droppers. By way of compensation, we have discovered Mr. George Meredith, in the very first chapter of his *Lord Ormond*, using the unqualified Americanism "right away" for "immediately."

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

❀

The publication in book form of *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*, by Frank R. Stockton, which has been appearing serially in *The Cosmopolitan*, gives us an occasion to present our readers with a new portrait of this very popular author. Mr. Stockton's popularity is not confined, as is the case with many of his American contemporaries, to this country, but is perhaps as great in England as it is here. The book which has won him an international reputation is undoubtedly his most characteristic work, *Rudder Grange*. Pomona, the servant-girl of the story, is a unique creation, and has passed into the traditions of the people, though Mr. Stockton in the later stories in which she appears has made her into an intolerable bore. Then his *Lady or the Tiger* excited much comment and discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, and helped to extend his reputation as a story-teller. Those who read *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, published last year, will remember the familiar figure of Mrs. Cliff; and her further adventures in the present story, which have furnished a sequel to the previous one, will not come to them altogether unexpectedly. For ourselves, we are glad to see Mr. Stockton in his own field again, for *Captain Horn*, although a clever piece of work and well done, taken as a departure for Mr. Stockton, was foreign to his *genre*, and the only character in the book which bore the marks of Mr. Stockton's familiar touch was Mrs. Cliff. Mr. Stockton is a Philadelphian, and was born in 1834. He has travelled about a good

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Faithfully Yours.
Kate Douglas Wiggin

After a Crayon Portrait by Charles Akers.

deal, having spent much time in Virginia, Florida, and Europe. For some years his settled home has been on a rising mound at Convent, near Morristown, overlooking one of the most picturesque valleys in the northern part of New Jersey.

❀

Mrs. Wiggin's new long story, *Marm Lisa*, which is concluded in the November *Atlantic*, shows a decided development in constructive ability. We are familiar with the idyllic quality of her mind in the very popular stories which for a long time have endeared her to thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, but she has never before discovered that constructive faculty which is necessary to the making of a novel. *Marm Lisa*, therefore, suggests greater possibilities in the future for Mrs. Wiggin. She is herself very modest about her powers, and claims that her ambition does not soar beyond her performances so far, but this makes us all the more hopeful. Mrs. Wiggin's remarkable insight into child life, more remarkable in her work than in that of any living American writer, has again been tested in this new story; for *Marm Lisa* is a fresh study of childhood, and the story follows the development of Lisa's clouded and burdened life until her pathetic faithfulness rebounds in the climax into heroism. Nor has Mrs. Wiggin forgotten that love is the potent factor in the life of a child, as well as in the world of men and women. The story will be published in book form shortly.

❀

Besides another book of an educational nature, in which she has collaborated with her sister, Mrs. Wiggin will also be responsible this season for a song album entitled *Nine Love-Songs and a Carol*. Mrs. Wiggin has set to music songs by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Amélie Rives, Edward Rowland Sill, Jean Glover, and others. The book will be handsomely printed and bound in a flexible cover of Japanese green crêpe, with gold and white lettering from a design by Mrs. Henry Whitman. The dedication runs: "To the charming girls who sing these 'prentice songs of mine I dedicate the book."

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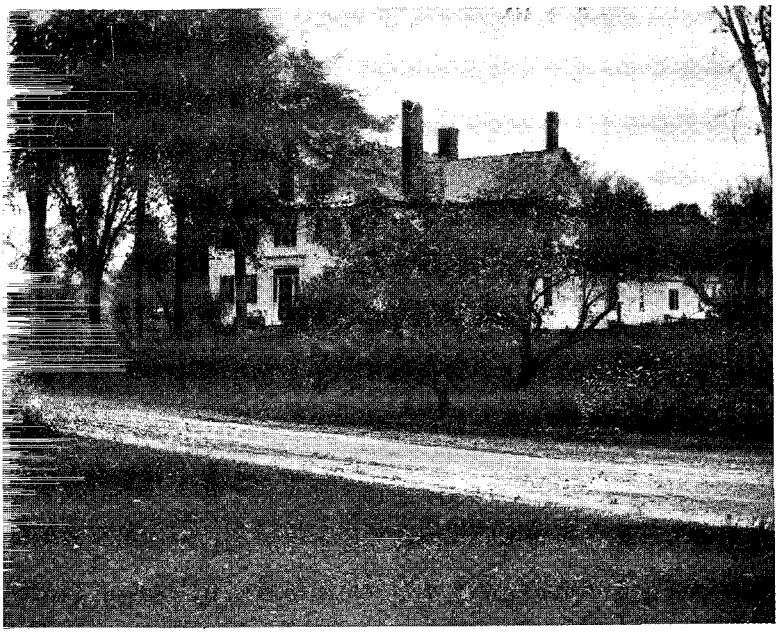

QUILLCOTE—"THE HOME OF A PEN-WOMAN."

Mrs. Wiggin carries on a most voluminous correspondence, as she feels conscientiously constrained to answer every letter that she receives. It is touching to hear of some of the letters which have been sent to her from remote parts of the globe by those who have read her books. As she does not use a type-writer, and does all her own writing, one can see how severely Mrs. Wiggin's vitality is taxed in this self-imposed service. But, no doubt, in this way Mrs. Wiggin's influence is as extensive as it has been through her books. Although her abode is in New York, she does all her writing at her country home, which stands on the Saco, about sixteen miles from Portland, Me. "Quillcote," as she calls the place, is the nearest she could get to "the home of a pen-woman." Much of her writing is done during the summer months in the open air under the gnarled branches of the "dear old apple-tree," to which, it will be remembered, she dedicated her *Village Watch-Tower*. The photographs from which these views have been taken were made by Mrs. Neil Straw to accompany an article which she has written to be called, "Scenes of Mrs. Wiggin's Stories of New England Village Life."

MRS. WIGGIN'S "DEAR OLD APPLE-TREE."

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Before these pages are in the hands of our readers, Mr. Barrie's new novel, which has been appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, will have been published in book form. We have had the pleasure of reading the book in its entirety from advance sheets, and have followed Tommy's career to the end of his boyhood. All doubt as to the reality of Mr. Barrie's genius will certainly vanish with the publication of *Sentimental Tommy*. One of his most discriminating critics, and one of the earliest to recognise the power of genius in his work and to point out its faults, told the writer about three years ago, while Mr. Barrie was writing this story, that *Sentimental Tommy* would be one of the most original books in English fiction, and that although the plot interest, as in his former work, would be slight, in spite of this little fear might be entertained of its taking a foremost place. With the exception of several plays and a few trifles for the press, *Sentimental Tommy* is Mr. Barrie's first work of fiction since the publication of *The Little Minister*.

❀

Mr. Barrie, who is at present in this country, accompanied by his wife and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the Editor of the English BOOKMAN, gives one the impression of being very shy and retiring. In stature he is boyishly slight and small, and does not look robust, but in his quiet, wistful face there are the power and spirituality manifest in his work. As a critic he is pleasant to listen to, and his judgments would seem austere, if one did not recall the great humanity of his writings. In his early reviewing days he was much enamoured of Mr. George W. Cable's work, and has an especially pleasant recollection of his *Old Creole Days*. Of the modern novelists, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith are his favourites. And here we would say that it is with these masters in fiction that Mr. Barrie must be compared, and not with his imitators and followers, included in what is called the new school of Scottish fiction. For, as Ian Maclaren himself says, "Mr. Barrie stands by himself, unapproachable and inimitable." Indeed, it is usual for the best critics to speak of Barrie and Hardy and Meredith as the three great modern novelists now left to us.

❀

At the funeral of M. Edmond de Goncourt, an *éloge* over the grave was delivered by M. Emile Zola, who concluded with the following sentence, which was greatly admired in France:

> "One day in his [M. de Goncourt's] *Journal*, that document so ill-understood and of so poignant an interest, he uttered the sublime cry of all his life devoted to letters, the cry of distress that the earth will one day crumble, and that his works will be no longer read."

Upon which the London *Spectator* very sensibly remarks:

> "We can imagine no cry less sublime. Literature, even of the highest kind, is at best but a poor image of the best parts of human life, and a good deal of it is but a poor image of the worst parts; and if the earth is to crumble and man to disappear, it adds nothing to the horror of the catastrophe that the reflected image in the mirror would disappear with him."

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day have a new book by Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn, entitled *Meg McIntyre's Raffle*, in the press. Unlike Mr. Sanborn's first book, *Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches*, which consisted, as he said himself, of mere transcripts from life, his forthcoming book has more pretensions to literary ends, and he has wrought his material into fiction. Another book of fiction which the same firm will publish shortly will be received with favour by those who remember Miss Edith Robinson's *Penhallow*, which appeared, if we mistake not, in *The Century* two or three years ago, and attracted a great deal of attention at the time. Miss Robinson's book will bear the title of *Penhallow Tales*.

❀

M. Léon de la Brière has compiled a little volume entitled *Montaigne Chrétien*, composed entirely of extracts from the writings of that sceptical gentleman, with the object of showing how much devout and exemplary doctrine lies concealed amid his epicurean meditations. Some one has suggested that M. de la Brière should next prepare on the same plan a volume to be entitled *Voltaire Jésuite*, which would certainly be no less piquant.

❀

It is curious to what an extent the subject of literary criticism seems to be agitating the minds of our contemporaries, in other countries no less than in our own. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's disparaging and discouraging analysis in the July and August numbers of *Harper's Monthly* has been responsible for

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a good deal of comment on the present conditions of literary criticism in America, the latest that we have seen being a contribution from Professor Brander Matthews to the *Chap-Book* for October 1st on "American Criticism To-day." Professor Matthews says that

"here in America to-day the need of competent criticism is felt more sharply than ever before, and here, as in other countries and in other centuries, the supply is quite inadequate to the demand. But there has been no decadence, no decline, no falling off. On the contrary, every student of the history of American literature cannot but acknowledge that there are more honest and capable critics in the United States to-day than there were in any period of the past."

Professor Matthews is in favour of signed reviews, and remarks that

"although only authors of experience know the immense superiority of the signed to the unsigned book review, the general public seems to have the same preference. The New York correspondent of the London *Author*, noting that the American BOOKMAN in less than a year after it was started had attained to a circulation larger than those of the *Nation* and the *Critic* combined, suggested that perhaps this success was due to the fact that most of the book reviews of THE BOOKMAN bear the names of their writers."

There are some aspects of the question which, so far as we are aware, none of these writers who have taken Mr. Warner's essays as a text for their own remarks has commented upon, or at least emphasised duly, and within the limits of these columns we can no more than touch suggestively upon them.

❀

Is it possible at the present time for a writer of real power to miss recognition? It is still very possible that a manuscript of high merit may be rejected. We are tired of hearing—even from Mr. Andrew Lang—that *Jane Eyre* went the round of the publishers, for, as a matter of fact, it was written by the request of its publishers, and was never in other hands than theirs. But it is true that the living authors who command the largest circulation for their books have, with very few exceptions, had their manuscripts declined by one firm at least—possibly by many, although we believe that good writers are often sensitive, and take a rebuff too much to heart. In this way it is very likely that many who might have done great things in literature have been reduced to silence. The literary faculty does not necessarily go along with culture and practice; there are authors not a few who, like Mr. Du Maurier, have begun to write late in life, and who almost by accident have at once taken the public ear. Besides, the first work even of genius is often disfigured by crudities, and its rejection should not be accepted as final. We have no doubt it often is. But it is surely almost impossible that any published book with genuine force should not sooner or later win its way. Perhaps not immediately; the stories of Miss Wilkins had been published some considerable time before they were discovered. James Lane Allen has been writing for some years, and is only now coming into his own, and the merits of "Mark Rutherford" are slowly although steadily arresting general attention.

❀

Human nature, however, by no means ceases to be human nature when it deals with literary subjects, and in consequence over-estimates and under estimates abound. Of over-estimates the most irritating is the temporary popularity of inferior writers, whose vogue is due to some passing vulgarity. As a rule, these writers speedily and miserably decline, and unless they lift their horn very high, they should be let alone. Lord Macaulay did well to expose Robert Montgomery in the *Edinburgh Review*, but not well in reprinting the criticism; still less well in keeping Montgomery in the pillory after he petitioned to be let out. As it is, Montgomery is past suffering, and it is Macaulay who is harmed by the criticism, which no one reads nowadays without irritation and disgust. Newly discovered authors are often over-estimated. It has been truly said that there are so many people anxious to discover rising genius that they will not give it time to rise. Instead of being nipped in the bud, it is put into a forcing-house. We are morbidly afraid of again bidding a young Keats "back to his gallipots," and we take credit for discovering the pearl where others only saw the decaying oyster. Hence we are told discoverers make their geese swans, and disgust the public by incessantly chanting their praises. It may be so; but the discoverer has done his work when his author gains a hearing. Then it is prudent for him to retire, and not attempt to

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spoil his genius by urging him to attempt a new sensation every month.

❀

Another class of over-estimates, for which much may be said, is those that err on the side of chivalry. It may happen—may it not?—that a man may almost owe his own soul to a writer whom in maturer years he sees he overrated. The very faults of that author—his exaggerations, his rhetoric—may have brought round him disciples whom he sent past himself and nearer wisdom. What if those disciples make the name and fame of the dead master their peculiar care? The picture in the "Chaldee Manuscript" of Dr. M'Crie guarding the grave of Knox has an element of grandeur, and there are few who will not understand the sentiment of Joaquin Miller's lines:

"I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun,
Sinner or saint or Pharisee,
As boy or man, for any cause;
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame;
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
By him, and so shall to the end.
* * * * * * *
"Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide,
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak."

"Logrolling," as it is called, means something, but not perhaps very much. It is true there are cliques of literary men who express their real opinion of one another only in private. But when we come to the criticism of friends, it is natural rather to speak of under-estimates.

❀

Mr. James Payn has admirably described "the critic on the hearth" as often the most ignorant and the most unfair of all critics. The same thing applies less or more to a man's friends and acquaintances. He is on the whole much more likely to get justice from those who do not know him than from those who do. His associates mean well, but they think he is in danger of having his head turned, and they must be candid. Especially is this true when men living in an isolated circle begin to be known to the great public. Their fate is then a source of distressing anxiety to a number of excellent people. Such critics may be sure that the way to literary success—the smallest, the latest, the most broken—is for all their friends a very difficult one—that must be fought for step by step under watchful and jealous eyes. They may be sure that whatever their comrade gets of recognition has been thoroughly earned. We distinguish, of course. There are candid friends who are really friends. They have the gift of wide appreciation, which traverses the whole field, does full justice to all that is bright and noble, and therefore can point out in the truest kindness whatever seems little or weak or mean. No man should condemn a friend because he refuses to fence his eyes with blinkers, or to interpose between his vision and its objects a medium of universal rose pink. Yet he may love best those whom in hours of depression he fancies guilty of such crimes.

❀

There are critics of the baser sort—the least blamable being those who have no appreciation of genius, who hate and dread it as Jeffrey did. There are those "candid friends" who are deadly enemies, who are stirred to envy, hatred, and malice by their brother's fame, which will not permit them to use one generous word. There are desperate periodicals that try to live by malignant abuse. There are those who fear for their craft, and there are those who have real or fancied wrongs to avenge. Of such the wise man will take no heed so long as they do not impugn his honour. Perhaps in the end we shall not be sorry if we have always looked first in a man's book for what is worthy; if we have acknowledged ungrudgingly all that is excellent in persons and writings; if we have feared the guilt of habitual contemptuousness and unworthy carping; if we have fought against the strong and stood by the defenceless and the unknown; if we have never feared to err on the side of generous admiration; if we have oftentimes said: "There are many who will point out the evil; let one at least try to point out the good."

❀

In the May number of THE BOOKMAN we reproduced, as our readers will remember, some very remarkable illustrations by Miss Mélanie Elisabeth Norton,

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whose weirdly imaginative power as an illustrator and designer has already in a short time secured for her a most flattering recognition. She has now turned to a somewhat new *genre*, and has drawn a series of twelve illustrations for a child's book which is to be issued among the Christmas publications of a leading house in this city. These new drawings of Miss Norton's, which we have been permitted to see, are marked by all the boldness and originality of her other work, while exhibiting a touch of humour that makes them very charming. In our Christmas number we shall reproduce several of them by permission, and give our readers a chance to see something that in its way is absolutely unique.

❀

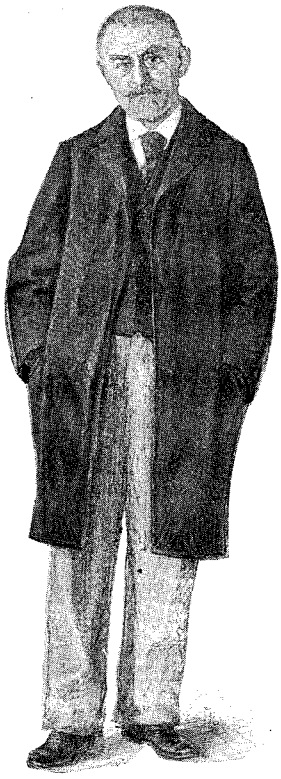
Some time ago we quoted from our old friend, the *Evening Post* of this city, a sentence which we characterised as the worst specimen of English style that we had ever seen. But a writer in the London *Spectator* has now surpassed it in the following, which we take from its issue of September 12th :

"Another cat which was watching sparrows slipped behind a row of paving stones recently taken up as soon as it saw the writer approaching and secured one driven over its head."

A cat catching paving-stones must be an inspiring sight.

❀

Mr. Joris Karl Huysmans, whose remarkable novel, *En Route*, is reviewed on another page, is a Frenchman of Flemish descent, who was born in 1848, and received a legal education, subsequently occupying an official position in one of the governmental departments. Gradually devoting more and more of his time to literature, he finally made it his profession, and has cultivated it ever since in the production of novels and short stories. In his very earliest novels he ranged himself with the naturalistic school of Zola, whose methods he pushed to an extreme of physiological brutality hardly to be paralleled in the works of the more outspoken of his contemporaries. His earliest novels were *Le Drageoir aux Épices*, which appeared in 1874, and *Marthe*, two years later, followed by *Les Sœurs Vatard*, *En Ménage*, and *À Vau l'Eau*. The climax of his tendency is seen in *À Rebours*, published in 1885, which is probably the most typical work of decadent literature, ancient or modern. Later productions are *Là Bas* and *En Rade*. It is understood that the novel which we review in this number is the first of a trilogy. The titles of the two that are to come have been already announced by the author as *La Cathédrale* and *L'Oblat*. Huysmans has hitherto been known to the general English-speaking public by his short story entitled "Sac au Dos," contributed to *Les Soirées de Médan*, a collection of tales by various disciples of M. Zola. By the will of the late Edmond de Goncourt, M. Huysmans was named as one of the eight members of the Académie Goncourt.



JORIS KARL HUYSMANS.

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We have received the first three numbers of a new journal published in Minneapolis with the delectable title *What to Eat*. It is safe to say that no other periodical of which we have any knowledge appeals to so large a constituency. As every human being must eat, and as every one who eats ought to know what to eat, it logically follows that every

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human being who can read ought to subscribe for our new and appetising contemporary. Its editor has an opportunity such as is vouchsafed to few writers, and we envy him his opportunities. If he wants to take a vacation at any time, we hope that he will send for us to take his place during his absence, for we are full of ideas that ought to be set forth in some such attractive medium.

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When he calls us in as his *locum tenens* we shall at once start a new department in the magazine under the heading "What Not to Eat," which, as being the negative side of the question, is almost equal in importance to its affirmative phase. We think that we should begin by a general crusade against the vile and demoralising American habit of frying pretty nearly every species of food. To our way of thinking, the frying-pan is the curse of our civilisation, and is responsible for more ill health, uncharitableness, immorality, bigotry, financial heresy, anarchism, and complicated deviltry than any other ten causes put together, including drink. Its use ought to be forbidden by law, and an annual celebration like Guy Fawkes's Day instituted for its especial banning. How we should like to expatiate in our contemporary's columns upon the advantages of broiling over frying! What pictures we should draw of delicious viands marked with the dainty brown imparted by the gridiron's ardent kiss, as against the sodden messes that come reeking with grease from the oozy frying-pan! How convincingly we should set forth the arguments for grilling those articles of food that are to-day even in enlightened households the inevitable prey of this evil instrument—how broiled potatoes and broiled oysters are infinitely more succulent than those that are fried. Very clearly we should distinguish between the deadly frying-pan and the estimable griddle, so that no one need think that we were barring out the noble buckwheat and the modest flapjack; and, in fact, in this sphere, Science has to-day become the handmaid of Art, and has pressed into culinary service that useful material, aluminium, whose surface is such that when made into griddles it requires no touch of the grease-rag or of any other sebaceous adjuvant. Indeed, almost the only edibles that would have to be discarded under our *régime* are doughnuts and crullers; and these would be no great loss, because not one cook in a thousand ever makes them as they should be made if they are to be eaten and not used for missiles.

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We should also throw out a suggestion to restaurateurs who are casting about for new ideas that will bring them fame and incidental money. We think that there should be in each of our large cities whose population is to any extent a cosmopolitan one, a restaurant in which the bill of fare, instead of containing the usual list that is so utterly *banal*, would be made up of typical and characteristically national dishes, two or three from each of the principal countries of the world, and each one cooked with absolute perfection. Even to read the *menu* of such an establishment would impart the elements of a liberal education. There would be, for instance, from England the whitebait and the muffin; from Scotland, the bannock, the scone, the haggis, and the cockie-leekie; from Ireland, the delectable fadge (how many of our readers have ever eaten fadge?); from Germany, bier soup and various kinds of *wurst*; from Italy, certain dishes of maccaroni; from Hungary, the goulash and sundry preparations redolent of paprikà; from Morocco, the *kooskoosoo*; from Spain, the *olla podrida*, and so on. It would be interesting in such a list to see whether France or the United States would lead in its contribution of indigenous *plats*. We think, however, that our own country would be able to do more than hold its own with an array of comestibles ranging from terrapin and canvas-backs and planked shad, down to clams and buckwheat cakes and corn pones and Philadelphia scrapple. But we must desist, for this is only a literary journal, and we must not be lured away from literature by our love of profound and abstract thought. Our only reason for this little divagation is the example of the editor of *What to Eat*, who has, on one of his pages, descended to purely literary effort in giving some specimens of quatrains composed by him for the *menus* of political banquets. Considering the difficulties of the subject, he has acquitted himself nobly, though it pains us to see him attempting to make "McKinley" rhyme with "singly."

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LIVING CRITICS.

X.—Mr. Edmund Gosse.

It has often been remarked, and history proves the wisdom of the suggestion, that the man who is to exercise the functions of the critic satisfactorily must at some period of his career have essayed creative work. That he should have succeeded is not essential. Mr. Edmund Gosse has been doubly fortunate in this respect; for not only has he exercised his pen in several departments of creative literature, but he has done so with conspicuous success. As a biographer, he has perhaps no living rival; his poetry is of high thought and graceful utterance all compact; he has even ventured into the garden of romance with a nosegay of a rich and old-world savour that reminds one of Madame Darmesteter's lilac-tree, "that will not grow in cities." Moreover, his poetry has many notes: the poet, therefore, has many sympathies.

But, while one is saying that Mr. Gosse's interests have been various, one is reminded at the outset that they have been also strictly limited. Very few writers in the present pressure of journalism have confined themselves more rigidly to the claims of literature pure and simple. Professor Saintsbury has dallied with politics; Mr. Andrew Lang is the laureate of the bat and rod; but Mr. Gosse is content with his library and his bookmen. Whatever is good in literature finds a welcome from him, and he has done much to combat the provincialism and insular exclusiveness of current criticism; but with literature his interest begins and ends. And indeed he has found the field wide enough, as a cursory glance at his career will show us.

The first editor to give him something like a free hand was Froude, who was then conducting *Fraser's Magazine*, and one of the earliest essays from Mr. Gosse's pen which attracted attention was the admirable paper on Webster, subsequently reprinted in his *Seventeenth Century Studies*. In this article, as readers will remember, Mr. Gosse set foot upon that field of literature which, among contemporaries, he has made peculiarly his own: the combination of biography and criticism. Since he has gained so much reputation from the felicity with which he moulds these elements together, it is not uninteresting to notice the influence under which he first essayed them. Mr. Gosse has always been a close student of Matthew Arnold, and Arnold, of course, modelled his criticism upon that of Sainte-Beuve. In the same way, Mr. Gosse turned to Sainte-Beuve; but, instead of taking from him, as Arnold did, main views and arguments, he studied rather his methods and architectonics, with the result that his essays are marked by a sense of construction and orderly development rare enough in these days of slip-shod, haphazard composition. And to the inexpert it would be incredible how much the force and impression of a paper depends upon its arrangement, and upon the fashion in which its points are marshalled. Much of the persuasiveness of Mr. Gosse's work is due to this early influence of Sainte-Beuve.

Like most of the young men of his time, Mr. Gosse passed under the sway of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and was attracted by the peculiar genius of Mr. Swinburne. Indeed, he was more exposed to its influence than the majority of them, seeing that he was a constant companion of the author of *Atalanta*, and had the continual advantage of discussing literary matters in his company. In Mr. Gosse's earlier verse this is manifestly apparent; and, without inquiring too curiously, one may trace it still, in a modified form, in certain aspects of his prose. A not infrequent luxuriance or audacity of expression, to which we shall have occasion to refer hereafter, is directly referable, I think, to those long and animated conversations, and to the mannerism which is inevitably caught from the study of any very individual writer. With Mr. Gosse, however, the tendency has been fortunately tempered by other associations. For, though he was much younger than Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Lang, and John Addington Symonds, Mr. Gosse began writing so early that he is, in a literary sense, their contemporary; and

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EDMUND GOSSE.

with each of them he has been, at some period or other in his career, closely associated. He has thus been thrown among men of very different calibre; and it would be worth while, had we space or opportunity, to observe the various ways in which their tendencies have interacted upon one another. It must suffice here to note the relationship, since it was certainly not without influence upon Mr. Gosse's attitude to literature.

We pass, however, to what is most individual in his criticism, and to his own particular contributions to literary interests in England. In one respect, I think, the value of his labours can scarcely be overestimated. When Mr. Gosse first began to write, very little notice was taken, among men of letters, of exotic literature. There was a strong tendency to British insularity in current criticism; Matthew Arnold had done much to break through the prejudice, but he stood alone, and his efforts were directed mainly toward the claims of one or two writers, and those the greatest. Mr. Gosse, being an accomplished linguist, was continually following the course of Continental literature; his eye was attracted by contemporary movements, and he saw at once their importance and their possible value in this country. As early as 1871 he began to press the claims of Henrik Ibsen, a writer at that time absolutely unknown in this country. The publication of *Northern Studies* in 1879 marked something like an epoch in English letters; it was largely read, and was the first introduction of the English public to the Scandinavian author whose influence is now so generally apparent not only in our drama, but even in our fiction and our poetry. Two years previously Mr. Gosse had contributed to the pages of the *Cornhill*, then under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen, his striking paper, "A Plea for Certain Forms of Exotic Verse," which first made clear to English experimentalists the rules of the rondeau, villanelle, chant-royal, and other French metres, and which was followed by a stream of exercises in those pleasing forms, the best of which still survive in the volumes of Mr. Austin Dobson and of Mr. Gosse himself. At the same time, English readers began to widen the sphere of their interests; and the ground then cultivated has borne fruit an hundredfold. Nor has Mr. Gosse been content to rest upon his initiative. From time to time he has kept up the good work; and the International Library which he has edited for Mr. Heinemann has done a very great deal toward familiarising the Eng-

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lish novel-reading public with sentiments and environment alien to their experience. The ordinary library-subscriber would have known nothing of Björnson, of Jonas Lie, of the Dutch "Sensitivists," or of the beginnings of literature in Bulgaria, without Mr. Gosse's helpful aid. The scheme once started, others have followed suit; and the advantage has been considerable. Were this his only claim upon our gratitude, he would deserve the thanks of all who have a care for literature.

But the work which first gave Mr. Gosse a definite and assured position was concerned with nothing exotic nor unfamiliar. It would scarcely be possible to name a poet more purely English than Thomas Gray; and it was the excellent *Life* of that author contributed to Mr. John Morley's *English Men of Letters* which first attracted public attention to Mr. Gosse's peculiar talent for biography. Its publication was followed by one concert of eulogy, and deservedly so; for it is a perfect model of the short biography. Two years later Mr. Gosse edited the *Works of Gray* in four scholarly volumes, which, one may safely say, will remain the standard edition. The credit which these performances carried with them was immediately proved by the sequel. In 1885 Mr. Gosse was elected to the Clark Lectureship at Trinity College, Cambridge, a post which had been held for one year by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Gosse made no application for the chair; but his claims were urged, in private letters to the Master, by the three leading men of letters—Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. It would scarcely be possible for any *testamur* to be more richly endorsed; and Mr. Gosse may well be proud of the eulogies which they bestowed upon him.

Three years later he published, what is perhaps the most widely read of his works, his *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, in which he has most happily succeeded in infusing the charm of literature into the form of a text-book. In 1891 he published *Gossip in a Library*, that fascinating companion of all bookmen; in 1893 *Questions at Issue*, a collection of his more polemical essays in criticism; and in the opening of the present year *Critical Kit-Kats*, in which he has resumed his early fellowship with Sainte-Beuve, and given us a series of pen-portraits, sympathetic but frankly free from indulgence, which show his talent at its happiest. Mention should also be made (though the work is not one of criticism) of the *Life* of his father, Philip Henry Gosse (1890), which many competent critics have declared to be the best piece of biography written during the last twenty years.

Such is the muster-roll of Mr. Gosse's critical publications; it remains to consider briefly a few of their leading characteristics. We have already noticed the breadth of his sympathies; they extend through almost every field of literature. It would not be too much to say that very few of the younger school of writers have failed to win a word of encouragment from him, for he is always on the outlook for promise. Good workmanship is especially attractive to him, and there have been many instances in which, while he has objected violently to the subject-matter, he has reserved the warmest praise for the manner of its presentment. For that kind of literature which can never be popularly acceptable—for scholarly essays and well-wrought verse—he is full of encouragement. Indeed, the form is paramount with him, receives his first attention. The inevitable result is that he is not always just to the more popular kinds of literature. He grows impatient of clumsy expression, and is not always careful to look below it, for the thought. Moreover, he is too much inclined to wage war against the popular novelist.

It is true that we hear a great deal nowadays of the successful story-writer, of his gains and his editions. Mr. Gosse, with the interests of literature at heart, grows periodically annoyed with these things, and allows them, perhaps, to obscure his appreciation of an author's work. One can recall more than one passage in which he has done scant justice to a popular writer from an exasperated sense of that writer's publicity. It is a pity, perhaps; but it is the direct outcome of Mr. Gosse's abundant sympathy with all the good and sincere work which gets stamped out in the traffic of the mart. And, after all, the popular writer gets a plentiful reward elsewhere. What is so especially stimulating in Mr. Gosse's criticism is his capacity for measuring his judgment, for seeing what is bad in work that he

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admires, for seeing what is good in work that he deprecates. In all these instances there is needed, for his approbation, the saving graces of distinction, of method, of style; given these, he can pardon much. And his enthusiasm, once kindled, is infectious; he has carried many a young author into success by the generous impulse of his approval.

His eye is always upon the style. It follows then that he is himself a stylist. Indeed, there are very few living writers who, using their pen with so ready a fluency, leave so few sentences upon the paper with flaw or disfigurement. Mr. Gosse has at his command a graceful, melodious method, a rich vocabulary, and a singular wealth of imagery. Almost everything he sees suggests to him a parallel, and his pages are full of luminous and suggestive metaphors and likenesses. It is in the indulgence of this felicity that his danger lies—a danger already alluded to in this article. At moments his fancy becomes too exuberant, too luxuriant; he sets down a half-defined impression, an incomplete metaphor, which, failing to strike home, gives the reader a sense of violence. The thought becomes a little tortured; the likeness overwrought. This, however, is but seldom; and here again it is the penalty of his talent which attends him. Among so many fortunate phrases, there must needs be one that halts. What should astonish us is the frequency and directness with which his vivid fancy hits the mark.

With the charm of style, and the advantage of subject-matter continually changed and novel, it is not surprising that Mr. Gosse has had considerable influence in contemporary literature. How far the man-in-the-street is content to follow his lead I do not know; possibly, with his tendency to break the popular idol upon the wheel of judgment, Mr. Gosse is a little too literary, too much of the *dilettante* for the taste that is supplied from the shelves of Messrs. Mudie's library. But among those who are sincerely interested in literature, he is always heard with respect, always read with pleasure and with profit. Occasionally his enthusiasm may have flashed up prematurely. He may have hailed the first book of an untried author with prophecy that the second has failed to fulfil, but the attractions of novelty are always dangerous. And the really strong men whom he has been the first to welcome are legion. It must be no little pleasure to him, when he takes down volume after volume from those library shelves round which he has conducted so many a reader with entertaining gossip—it must be no little pleasure to turn to the fly leaves and read the grateful inscriptions by men of varying ages and strangely varying tastes whom his encouragement and advice have made his friends. It will scarcely trouble him then to remember that, of all that number, where "so many give promise of running well, so few reach the goal, so few are chosen." He, at least, has reached his own goal, and the wisdom of his encouragement has helped many others in that race whose difficulty is its glory.

Arthur Waugh.

SOME NOTES ON POLITICAL ORATORY.

I.

The recent presidential nomination by one of the great political parties of a comparatively unknown man because of the impression produced upon the nominating Convention by a bit of fervid oratory has, naturally enough, led to an immense amount of discussion as to the present condition and the future possibilities of political eloquence. For quite a number of years it has been taken for granted that the age of oratory has gone by forever; that the time when a brilliant speaker could dominate the minds of a great assemblage will never return; and that the remarkable masters of eloquence whose forensic efforts are as familiar as their names have left behind them no successors whatsoever. Even Professor Sears, in his admirable history of oratory, which we noticed in these pages not very long ago, speaks of the race of orators as to day extinct.

The only difference of opinion that has been manifested has shown itself in

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an attempt to explain just why great speeches are no longer made. One theory attributes it to a general decline of intellectual ability in our public men, to the tendencies that force into other fields than that of statesmanship the keenest and most brilliant minds of the rising generation, and to a universal drift toward the commonplace and conventional that is depriving modern life, both public and private, of its colour and its old-time picturesqueness. The other hypothesis finds the cause in an assumed change that has come over the whole body of our people. We are told that men are more highly trained to-day than in the past ; that they are intellectually more self-restrained and less impulsive ; that they read more and think more for themselves ; and that they are almost universally touched with a certain cynicism and sceptical indifference that renders them far less susceptible than formerly to any appeal to their emotions. Hence, it is said, such oratory as survives is in reality little more than business talk, mere logical exposition in which there is no place for the passion and the fire that flamed in the words of a Patrick Henry or a Webster ; so that, in our great national forum, senators and representatives alike stand up and read their speeches, or are contented even with the customary "leave to print."

We cannot but think that both these explanations are altogether wrong. They utterly ignore the simpler and more natural solution to be found in the remarkable change that has taken place in the nature of the questions that have now, for the past two decades, been most prominent in the sphere of American politics. For the first time in our national history the popular thought is centred wholly upon issues that are absolutely economic and in no sense sentimental.

In the later colonial period, at which time the history of American oratory in reality begins, although the question that divided the colonies from the mother country was ostensibly a question of taxation, the underlying principle was more profoundly fundamental and more vital than one of constitutional relations. The thirteen colonies were just beginning to thrill with the half unconscious stirrings of national life. Men dimly saw within their grasp the symbols and the splendour of sovereignty ; they felt the strong creative impulse that is always present in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon ; they were rousing themselves to a recognition of the magnificence of their future, to the fact that they were no longer mere colonials, provincials, subjects of a foreign king, but free men in a free State, with a heritage of unlimited promise and with the power to claim it and defend it, if necessary, by force of arms. Therefore, when Patrick Henry and when Samuel Adams spoke, their words appealed to no sordid sentiment in those who heard them ; but they voiced the aspirations of an entire people moved to its very heart by a prophetic consciousness of its own high destiny.

Again, after independence had been achieved and had finally ceased to be a theme for anything more than occasional oratory, there arose another issue that involved the strongest possible appeal to sentiment. The question of slavery in some of its innumerable phases often appeared to be nothing but a problem of political economy or of constitutional interpretation. For years the leading statesmen of both parties strove to make it such, to throw it into the background by compromise and concession, and to lock the door upon the national skeleton. But because it was at base a question of sentiment appealing to man's sense of justice and mercy and righteousness, it would not down ; and when it had at last become indissolubly linked with still another and even greater issue—the maintenance of our national unity and the very life of the Republic—it stirred the profoundest depths of the nation's heart. No more momentous issue was ever yet evoked in the history of man ; for it involved far more than the existence of a single nation ; it concerned the success or failure of republican government and the fate of free institutions. No wonder, then, that it inspired oratory to which the annals of recorded eloquence can find no parallel. The day when Webster rose in the Senate of the United States to deliver, amid a silence like that of death, his marvellous reply to Hayne, may well be thought the most memorable and momentous in the whole history of the American Republic. And the speech of Webster was in every word and every line fully up to the sublime level of the

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issues it discussed. It is no exaggeration to say that it overtops any other effort of human eloquence that the world has known. Its only rival is the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, and this, we think, holding strictly to the attitude of dispassionate criticism, must take the second place. In patriotic fervour, in sincerity, in absolute mastery of the resources of rhetoric, and in intellectual power, the two great orators were equal; but from the standpoint of historical importance and, above all, in the vastness of the ultimate consequences, the Greek must yield to the American. For in the case of Demosthenes the issue was immediately personal; in the case of Webster the issue was distinctly national. Demosthenes was defending and extenuating a political failure; Webster was pointing the way to a national triumph. The greatness upon which Demosthenes so fondly dwelt was retrospective; the greatness that Webster limned before his breathless hearers lay in the living present and the future. One statesman appealed to a proud and melancholy memory; the other to a splendid aspiration. One was pronouncing a stately funeral oration; the other was sounding a great trumpet-call to victory. And in the actual results achieved there can be no comparison. Athenian liberty was already dead, and no words, however eloquent, could bring it back to life; but American nationality was just feeling its first vigorous, vital impulse. The words of Demosthenes could, at the best, awaken in the mind of an Athenian nothing more than a sombre stirring of humiliation and regret for a past forever gone; the words of Webster, committed to memory and declaimed by generations of American children, sank down into the hearts of his countrymen until his closing sentence became the very watchword of the Republic, and until the great principle for which he spoke had been learned so thoroughly that when the years of storm and stress arrived, a million men stood ready to pour out their blood like water, and a million mothers sent forth their sons with gladness to die in its defence. And the oration itself—what a wonderful thing it is! Its dignified and graceful exordium, its stately sentences moving on with an ever-growing impetus and instinct with a joyous consciousness of irresistible power, its passion and pathos, its majestic rhythm and cadenced harmonies rising and sinking like a grand organ-roll or the thunder of the sea, and finally the magnificent sunburst of gorgeous imagery with which it ends! Even now, after more than sixty years have passed, and after the issues that inspired it have been laid at rest forever, no American who deserves the name can read over those tremendous sentences without feeling his pulses quicken and his heart thrill with an exultant emotion so keen as to be almost pain.

As for Cicero, it would be absurd to compare him as an orator with either of the others. The fatal insincerity of character that taints his utterances makes some of his most elaborate orations, in spite of their rhetorical perfection, seem cheap and thin when set beside the massive eloquence of Demosthenes and Webster; his impassioned declamation too often suggests the actor's rant; his invective and his pathos at times come perilously near to the neurotic caterwauling of an hysterical woman.

Oratory naturally found a powerful stimulus in the Civil War and in the questions immediately arising from it; and for many years thereafter it was always possible for the political speaker to stir his hearers by calling up once more the memories and the passions of that gigantic conflict. But as a new generation came upon the scene and as other issues gradually forced their way to the front, eloquence was tamed. When the phrase, "waving the bloody shirt," was once coined, it marked the end of the oratory that fed upon martial themes. Since 1880 the minds of the people have been fixed with more and more persistence upon the economic and financial policy of the country; and in this sphere there is little food for forensic eloquence. The schedules of a tariff are not inspiring to a popular orator; barbed wire and jute and cotton ties, and the relative merits of ad valorem and specific duties, cannot possibly be worked up into rhetorical material even by the most ingenious pleader. Nor is the financial question much more promising. There are persons, indeed, who have dwelt with harrowing detail upon the wrongs and sufferings of silver, and who have depicted in tones of horror the cowardice and the malevolence of gold; but the oratorical effect has not been striking. It is very difficult to draw

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tears from a hard-headed American crowd over the injuries and sorrows of a metal; nor will many persons rage together because of the depravity of something that can be represented by a chemical symbol. It is only when a more direct and personal turn can be given to the theme that an orator has any chance of real success. This is pretty well illustrated in Mr. Bryan's now memorable speech at Chicago in July. Had he dwelt, as did the opposing speakers, upon the purely economic side of the question, he would have left the Convention as cold as they did. He therefore deliberately chose to make the issue a sectional one; to pit the West against the East; to describe in impassioned language the honest farmer in his peaceful home, ground down by malevolent oppressors at whom the orator flung a fierce defiance. In other words, he turned a question of finance into a question of pure sentiment. As to the justice or the wisdom or the patriotism of this device, we are not here concerned; but from the oratorical point of view it was very shrewd, and showed that Mr. Bryan possessed the oratorical instinct. Its success was, indeed, its justification; for as the sole aim of the orator is to master his audience and play upon their feelings until he can bend them to his will, oratory is the one thing of which the only criterion is success. The same remark applies to the substance of this speech, which has been criticised as tawdry, stilted, and even blasphemous; but which (ethical considerations apart) was, in fact, rhetorically perfect as being exactly suited to the state of mind of those who heard it and were mastered by it.

It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that the present lack of oratory of a startling and dramatic kind is due neither to any decline in oratorical ability on the part of our public speakers, nor to any loss of impressibility on the part of the American people—certainly not to the latter, for there is ample evidence that as a nation we are becoming more rather than less emotional, more nervous, more excitable. But when the themes of oratory are not those that feed popular passion, the born orator pitches his utterances in a low key and subdues his whole discourse to the natural level of his subject. In fact, it is in this very thing that his real genius is best seen; for precisely in proportion to his greatness will an unerring instinct teach him to shun any attempt to elevate by purely rhetorical devices a theme that is in itself essentially commonplace. Hence it is that the ablest of our speakers today are just the ones who never force the note, but wisely prefer to leave upon their hearers the impression embodied in the fine Horatian description

> urbani parcentis viribus atque
> Extenuantis eas consulto;

and those who neglect this precept often come perilously near the line where declamation passes into rant.

It is in this respect that the public speakers of the South are so curiously defective. As a class, they seem to think that any subject whatsoever can be made impressive provided it be plastered thick with a multiplicity of gaudy adjectives, bedizened with innumerable metaphors, and daubed all over with the raddle of rhetorical rouge. These men sow with the sack and not with the hand, and believe that they have hit upon an infallible formula for producing "eloquence" to order. We have in mind the Chief Executive of one of the oldest and stateliest of the Southern States, whose speeches are the *reductio ad absurdum* of this barbaric style. Whether he is delivering an inaugural address, or whether he is speaking over the pumpkins at a county fair, his verbal pyrotechnics are such that if we were to set down one of his passages in cold type our readers would suspect that we had invented it in a spirit of the wildest and most farcical burlesque. We do not know just how such oratory is generally regarded in the South. If it is taken seriously and viewed with admiration, the fact is a lamentable indication of the condition of public taste and of the lack of any widespread æsthetic cultivation; for were such a speaker to dress in a manner to harmonize with his oratorical style, he would appear before his audiences arrayed in a nose-ring and an inch of vermilion paint.

It must be confessed, however, that the South has no monopoly of this half-savage sort of pow-wow. All the national conventions held this year provided choice specimens of it in nominating speeches that fairly knocked the bottom out of the vocabulary of eulogy, when some backwoods lawyer, unknown even to many of the delegates from his own

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State, would be described as "the peerless jurist, the profound scholar, the magnificent and electrifying orator, the world's greatest statesman and thinker!" At such utterances as these, pronounced before deliberative bodies that are supposed to shape the nation's policy and select its rulers, the self-respecting American can only blush for the credit of the Republic.

It is, indeed, in the subtle instinct that tells just how the discourse is to be attuned to the mood of the moment that the true orator is ultimately to be distinguished from the mere rhetorician. Nice judgment, perfect tact, and an innate sense of what is possible to be accomplished in a given situation have often done far more for a reputation than the actual arts of eloquence. A contemporary illustration may be found in Mr. Bryan's address at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, in reply to the Committee of Notification, which is an excellent case in point. His passionate harangue at Chicago and its remarkable effect on his immediate hearers had led every one to expect an equally fiery oration in New York; yet when he appeared before the great assembly that had gathered to receive him, he simply read a written essay with no attempt at eloquence whatever. His political opponents at once raised a howl of derision, and even many of his own supporters were for the moment much chagrined. Yet this was in reality one of the cleverest things that he had ever done; and the reason for this opinion is perfectly obvious. In the interval between his Chicago speech and the time set for his New York address, public expectation had been worked up to so extravagant a pitch that had he been Demosthenes and Cicero rolled into one he could not possibly have satisfied it. He therefore very wisely declined to attempt what, from the conditions, was foredoomed to failure—declined, in fact, to compete against himself. To be sure, by reading an essay instead of delivering an oration, he disappointed his auditors, and he was gibed by the opposition press; but he kept his reputation as an orator, and this seeming fiasco made an admirable background for any brilliant and effective speeches that he might subsequently deliver.

Political orations in general may be classified under three heads. First come those great efforts that are overwhelming in their effect at the time of their delivery and that stand the test of time so well as even now to be read with genuine pleasure and admiration. Next come the speeches that produce no great effect upon their immediate hearers, but that subsequently, by reason of their literary merit, take high rank among the classics of the language in which they are composed. Finally, there are the orations that serve their purpose at the time, or that win a temporary renown by reason of the occasion on which they were delivered, or because of the personal charm and impressiveness of the orator, but which are afterwards of little interest except as affording material for the historian. To the first class belong the greatest speeches of Demosthenes, of Webster, of Cicero, and perhaps of Lincoln. Of the second class a type may be found in the parliamentary orations of Burke, who always emptied the House of Commons when he spoke, but whose loftiness of thought and splendour of diction have won for him a lasting place in the annals of political eloquence. To the third class belong the great mass of political orations in all ages and all countries. Such are the speeches of Henry Clay, in reading which one marvels at the effect which we know to have been produced by them; of Hayne and Benton and Everett and Legaré, of J. P. Hale and Sumner and Stevens, and, in fact, of pretty nearly all the American orators of the past fifty years.

In this country the public estimate of living orators is seldom accurate, because it is so warped and biassed by partisan prejudice. It is, moreover, largely influenced by the newspapers, which usually carry their criticism of the substance into condemnation of the form. Seldom, indeed, does a Democratic journal see anything to admire in the oratory of a Republican statesman; and in estimating the merit of a Democratic speaker, the Republican critics almost invariably (to use the time-honoured expression) "dismiss it with a smile." Consequently, it is not until death has blunted the sharpness of political acrimony that anything like a truthful estimate is ever formed, and even then it may be many years before the exaggerations of both partisan panegyric

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and partisan depreciation have fully passed away.

It is probable, for instance, that among all the orators of the past two decades, public opinion at the present time would ascribe a marked supremacy to Mr. Blaine. Yet it is certain that it was not primarily as an orator that Mr. Blaine secured and kept his remarkable influence over the host of those who followed so loyally his personal and political fortunes. Mr. Blaine had, to be sure, the orator's temperament. He was mentally alert, quick to seize upon an effective point, impetuous, and in his early career full of fire. He had an unusual command of the resources of language, and unfailing tact and taste. Yet the fact remains that it was not through oratory that he won the commanding position which he held in his party's counsels, nor did he rely upon it to any great extent in carrying out his political ambitions. The reason is not far to seek. It is found in the fact that very early in his career he set before himself the Presidency as the goal of his ambition, and with this always in mind he purposely modified and restrained his natural bent in many ways. Now Mr. Blaine was by nature an exceedingly impulsive man, one whose temperament led him to form decisions with lightning-like rapidity, and to act upon them with unchecked and unreflecting impetuosity. In this quality of mind lay at once his strength and his weakness, and to it his greatest successes and his greatest mistakes are alike directly traceable. Had he been content to limit his ambition to anything short of the highest office in the nation's gift, he would undoubtedly have let his oratorical talent have full play, and would have deserved the reputation for eloquence that is now, we think, unreasonably given him. It was, to be sure, by a spirited and brilliant speech that he won his first great national distinction, while still a member of the House of Representatives. The occasion was a debate upon the question of granting a complete political amnesty to Jefferson Davis, in spite of the fact that Mr. Davis himself had never asked for it. Mr. Blaine opposed the measure, and Mr. Hill, of Georgia, one of the very ablest of the Southern leaders, stood forth as its champion and defender. In the spirited debate that followed, Mr. Blaine gave full play to his impetuosity. With no preparation and no premeditation, he flung himself into the forensic combat, and in a burst of vivid oratory fanned again the fires of sectional feeling which had begun to smoulder, but which at his words once more flamed up as fiercely as in the days of the Civil War. The whole North thrilled at his passionate appeal, and in an hour his name was in all men's mouths. It was the victory of a partisan, but it was magnificent nevertheless; and the memory of it led Colonel Ingersoll a few years later, in an almost equally celebrated speech, to style him "the plumed knight," a title that presently became hackneyed in the vocabulary of the stump. Yet never again did Mr. Blaine fully give way to an oratorical impulse such as this. Experience and keen self-analysis taught him the danger that lay in his own impetuosity, and from the moment when he first formed a definite ambition to be President he set a bridle on his tongue. His speeches thereafter were able, ingenious, and adequate, but to the present writer at least, there seemed always to run through them a certain tone of calculation, of conscious design half verging upon craft, that robbed them of their spontaneity and greatly marred their psychological effect. The speaker seemed always to be keeping something back, to withhold a part of his confidence, to be playing with his audience as a cat plays with a mouse, and to be very far indeed from the perfect self-abandonment that marks the inspired orator.

Mr. Blaine's great influence as a party leader sprang, in fact, from a deeper source than verbal eloquence. Men early began to speak of his "magnetism," and the word speedily entered into the slang of our politics. It was, in consequence, so harped upon and burlesqued as to become a mere vulgarism of party speech; yet, for want of a better word, it must still be used to express the secret of his power. Its real meaning, however, is not so often understood. The popular conception of a "magnetic" leader is of one who wins adherents by a jovial bearing, by a sort of hail-fellow-well-met jollity of which few statesmen were ever more guiltless than Mr. Blaine—a model of personal dignity in all his relations with his friends and followers. By his "mag-

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netism" we should rather understand a certain power that he exercised, through those immediately in contact with him, upon great masses of men who had never seen him, so that they, too, became irresistibly convinced of his incomparable fitness for command. The manifestation of this power is a curious psychological study, and may be illustrated in a statement made to the present writer by an official of the State Department at the time when Mr. Blaine was Secretary. This gentleman, who was politically opposed to Mr. Blaine, said that every morning the various officials of the Department would be at work at their usual tasks, going through them in the leisurely way that is traditional in this particular division of the public service, chatting amicably together, yawning, pausing to scan the morning paper, and in general accomplishing a minimum of work in a maximum of time. Suddenly, for no reason that any one could explain, a sort of impulse comparable to an electric shock would run through the assemblage. Conversation would cease ; newspapers would be laid aside ; pens would fly over the paper ; the whole work of the Department would all at once proceed with intense celerity. No one had been heard to enter the next room ; not a word of warning had been spoken ; yet every one in the place knew by an inexplicable instinct that Mr. Blaine was in his office.

This strange power is probably a natural attribute of the born leader of men. It was possessed in a large degree by General Grant, a man who in temperament, training, and mental processes was the very antithesis of Mr. Blaine. Old army officers often tell of their experiences in 1863, when the newly promoted soldier was put in command of the troops who were ultimately to operate against Vicksburg. Previous attempts against the Confederate stronghold had failed disastrously, and soldiers and officers alike were thoroughly disheartened. There was a general inefficiency in the staff and a general lack of system, order, and discipline throughout the army. Plans were made and unmade, regiments were marched aimlessly backwards and forwards, supplies went to the wrong place ; everything, in fact, was at sixes and sevens. This was the state of things when it was announced that General Grant had been put in command. Old officers shrugged their shoulders. Here was more experimenting. A new general meant to them only a new element of confusion. On a certain day Grant assumed command, but not immediately at general headquarters. No one had yet seen him when, before forty-eight hours had elapsed, in some indefinable way a curious change came over the whole army. An invisible power made itself felt in every department. Definite purpose began to appear in every move. Supplies appeared when they were wanted. The troops were swung into intelligible combinations. Everywhere precision, order, discipline reigned where before there had been only confusion, chaos, insubordination. And when things were seen to be actually *done*, the most inveterate grumbler on the staff stood up in the midst of his fellow-officers, and slapping his leg, roared out with a sort of Homeric joy, "At last! At last! By Heavens, at last they have given us a MAN !"

Therefore, it is by no means correct to lay too much stress on Mr. Blaine's oratory as the chief factor in his political supremacy. It was rather his resourcefulness, his tact, his constructive power, his "magnetism," that secured to him his unquestioned leadership. Not but what his speeches were admirable efforts, from the purely political addresses that he made in the campaign of 1876 and 1880 to the elaborate and dignified oration pronounced by him before the President, the houses of Congress, and the Diplomatic Corps on the death of President Garfield. The brief addresses, too, that he made in his own canvass for the Presidency in 1884 were admirable in their point and tact and persuasiveness ; though it was this campaign that extinguished his oratory altogether. The extraordinary labour that he took upon himself, the excitement and fatigue, and more than all else, perhaps, his exasperating defeat by a few hundred votes in a single State, quenched the fire of his ambition, and left him a disappointed and almost broken man. He spoke again in the campaign of 1888, but while his intellect was as active as before, his physical strength had been sapped, so that his every sentence seemed to involve an obvious and painful effort. The orator, like the actor, needs, above all else, to

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overflow with an abundant and vigorous vitality, because, like the actor, the impression that he makes is in no small degree a physical impression. Yet it was not merely in bodily force that Mr. Blaine's great defeat impaired his power. There was a marked deterioration in manner and in temper perceptible during his last few years that can, perhaps, be most clearly seen in some of his state papers, and notably in his diplomatic controversy with Lord Salisbury concerning the American claim to jurisdiction in Bering Sea. The traditions of diplomacy require the tone of all formal communications to be ceremonious and courtly to the last degree. The question at issue may be of the most burning kind, the controversy may be even of the sort that inevitably ends in war, yet nevertheless the diplomatic duellists must everywhere observe the most punctilious etiquette, and never in word or phrase overstep the limits of a stately self-restraint. These traditions Lord Salisbury, on his side, observed to the full. His immensely able argument was couched throughout in terms of the finest courtesy, suggesting in every line the urbanity and the graceful deference that mark the intercourse of high-bred gentlemen. But Mr. Blaine's despatches, whatever be their plausibility and force, are very painful reading. There is observable in them here and there a certain swagger, a half-rowdy tone of lurking insolence, an offensive assumption that his opponent's argument is one of conscious duplicity and falsehood. It is not likely that our diplomatic records contain another correspondence such as this. Some may advance against this view and in defence of Mr. Blaine the once famous Hülsemann Letter, written to the Austrian Minister by Daniel Webster when Secretary of State, and resenting the attempted protest of Austria against our Government's very obvious sympathies with the Hungarian insurgents. But this letter, in which many persons, in total disregard of chronology, have seen the original suggestion of the "Pogram Defiance" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, while it was, to be sure, rather startlingly unconventional, and, on the whole, rather bumptious in its manner, contained not a word that could give the slightest personal offence to its recipient.

There is something of the irony of fate in the circumstance that after years of studied discretion in word and act, the careless speech of a stranger should have been so largely instrumental in marring the one great ambition of Mr. Blaine's career. There is something almost tragic, too, in the thought of all that long-continued effort, all that eager hope, all that fertility of resource, and all those brilliant gifts just failing of supreme success. The present writer saw Mr. Blaine four days before the election that was to set the seal of failure on his remarkable career. It was at the very end of the campaign, and he was on his way to some small city in Connecticut to make one last address. He sat by the open window of the railway carriage waiting for the train to start. His head was bent forward, and the sunken eyes, the face blanched to an ashen pallor, and the pinched and jaded features all told the tale of mental weariness and physical exhaustion. A knot of a dozen or twenty men, who had gathered on the platform, stared curiously at him ; and now and then, as one or another of them approached and offered to shake hands, Mr. Blaine would thrust three fingers through the window and force a wan, mechanical smile. It reminded one of nothing half so much as of some hunted animal driven to its hole and turning feebly to eye its unfeeling persecutors. Could the very bitterest of his enemies have beheld him then, and could they have foreseen the impending wreck of his life's one great ambition, they must have felt some stirrings of pity, and it may be even of remorse ; for the sight was infinitely pathetic, and one to haunt the memory for many days.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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KELMSCOTT PRESS WORK AND OTHER RECENT PRINTING.

The widespread interest in the work of the Kelmscott Press and the rapid and apparently steady increase in the prices fetched by Mr. Morris's issues must have some other foundation than mere book madness or the magic of a name. The accessories of the Kelmscott books are, of course, attractive—their limited issue, vellum covers, silk strings, pretty name; but book novelties are now so numerous that queerness cannot charm without some integral excellence. Other private presses, from the Strawberry Hill to the Daniel, have addressed the public of fastidious book-buyers; but no other has made a sincere attempt to produce or reproduce a typography which shall carry us back to the pristine glory of early printing, and even link presswork with manuscript production. The Morris-Jenson types have for their purpose to address the eye by forms at once beautiful, reasonable, and legible; and when this type is made up in pages of symmetrical proportion and painstakingly impressed by hand upon hand-made paper, with red-and-black decorations, both serious and pleasing, the product is certainly an entity sufficiently respectable to be worth the book-lover's study as well as his dollars.

But the Kelmscott work is met at once by the question, "Is it readable?" a question which three readers out of four will answer in the negative. What will be the use of all this costly glory of the book for which we have so eagerly waited, the "indescribable Chaucer," if it cannot be read as easily as the dingy page of a penny daily printed by linotype on wood-pulp paper? Mr. Morris replies, it is understood, that our eyes have become so accustomed to the bad that they know not the good, and must accordingly be trained to better things. That this statement is no special or futile plea may be proved by any one who will take a Kelmscott book and read it through. Some time ago, after a careful examination of all accessible issues, I selected *Shakespeare's Poems* as the best volume, on the whole, that had been sent forth from Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and re-read the old sonnets in their new dress. At first the eye rebelled at the overblackness of the long and too solid lines; but before it reached the last page it had attained a sense of rest and refreshment that was worth something in these days of glazed paper and electric lights. As for the Chaucer, I cannot speak in detail, as my own copy is still in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's hands; but a half-hour's turning of its pages certainly leaves the impression that the book is unsurpassed by any printed predecessor And I certainly intend, notwithstanding the *Nation* correspondent's recent assertions of its illegibility, to read *The Canterbury Tales* more than once in its lordly pages.

What constitutes good printing? The selection of a clear type, not over-fine, the making up of that type in effective masses well related to a symmetrical page, and the uniform impressing of it with honest black ink upon firm, unglazed linen paper. Every one of these qualifications is shown in the Kelmscott work. In one respect it surpasses the best products of Caxton, the Elzevirs, the London folio printers of the seventeenth century, Pickering, or Jouaust, namely, that one may take a magnifying glass, follow the type, line by line, and scarcely find a weak or broken letter, or any irregularity or unevenness of inking. In this regard even the most ardent lover of old typography must admit that the machine-made hand-presses of the nineteenth century have given our printers a *possible* advantage—usually thrown away—over their early or late predecessors. Indeed, if we limit ourselves strictly to this test of firm and almost absolute evenness of honest impression, I am inclined to think the Kelmscott Press page the best that the world has yet been able to show.

Another debt we owe to Mr. Morris is the indication that, after all, a "large paper" copy is less sensible—that is to say, less artistic, than one in which the margins bear a rational proportion to the printed text. That he has printed some copies on vellum—a greasy, warping substance which in every respect save the Philistine boast of cost ought to rank below honest linen-rag paper—

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may be ascribed to the gentle influences of hereditary mediævalism in taste.

As partial offsets to the pleasures of the Kelmscott page may be mentioned the wearisomeness of the long lines in the larger books. No printed line should be so long that the eye cannot, by an easy and natural jump, hit the beginning of the line next following. This error is magnified by the absence of leads or their equivalent of space between the lines. Another demerit is the essentially unreasonable carrying of overrunning lines in poetry back to the extreme left of the next lines—a clumsy and irritating device that has neither tradition nor good judgment in its favor.

The Kelmscott successes have naturally been followed by all sorts of faddish imitations. One might say that

> "Most can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed."

Kelmscott-Jenson type, more or less accurately reproduced, has spread from Portland to San Francisco, and seems especially dear to the heart of advertisers of bicycles and malt extracts. In its smaller sizes, when carelessly printed, it becomes dingily and disagreeably unreadable. Now and then, too, in this or other type, American printers have given us lines longer than Mr. Morris's longest, without the redeeming qualities of the original. More praiseworthy, and in a certain degree interesting and successful, is the Cambridge (Massachusetts) University Press edition (issued by Copeland and Day) of Rossetti's *House of Life*, closely patterned, though with a difference, upon Kelmscott lines. But "all that flams is not flamboyant;" Kelmscott followers should remember that absolute Ruskin-like honesty in the smallest details is the first thing to seek. One takes little satisfaction in weakly impressed process-work reproductions as compared with sharply cut type made from a matrix and set up and printed. Would-be artistic typography should be at least as clear as that of the *Evening Post*, and its proof-reading as accurate as that of the *Tribune*.

When one thinks of Kelmscott and of questions typographic, he is forced to conclude—even if he be, as I am, sufficiently patriotic to buy and praise an American thing, as such, wherever possible—that our presswork is not, on the whole, as good as that which comes to us from England and France, and not as good as it used to be a generation ago. I am ashamed to say that the recent English books copyrighted in this country, and therefore printed here, are usually inferior, and sometimes shabbily inferior, to the current work of R. and R. Clark, the Oxford University Press, Ballantyne, etc., which they replace. The American edition of Purcell's life of Manning, for instance, is small credit to anybody. At the other extreme stands the English Classics Series, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley. Of all recently published "library editions," this solidly and reticently beautiful set best deserves praise, and confirms one's impression that the Constables, of the Edinburgh University Press, are, save Mr. Morris, at the head of the printing art in Britain. If anybody wishes an easy object lesson in book-making let him contrast Southey's *English Seamen* (issued in this library in America, but not in England, and not printed by the Constables) with its seven companions in the brown buckram row. As regards distinctly American work, even where the hurry of reissue does not enter into the question, it would be hard to point to any recent books equalling the Ticknor's Prescott of 1864, the rubricated King's Chapel Prayer-book of 1865, or Mr. Norton's *New Life* of 1867, all printed by Welch, Bigelow and Company in the palmy days of that firm. But Mr. Welch's successors can at least show the externals of the new Stedman-Woodberry Poe (which, by the way, is in its editing the most thorough setting-forth of the works of any classic in American literature); while the book of *Roman and Italic Printing Types in the Printing House of Theodore L. DeVinne and Company* (1891) is the one American volume that best endures the magnifying-glass test already mentioned.

Charles F. Richardson.

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

THE Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention —how he would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution, when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretences;" how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dogcart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through the rain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because although he had obeyed his conscience at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age, for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could only have stooped at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not

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been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighbourhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporised fold in the minister's top-coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service of the aged, he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbour—in whom for the native humour that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated pig sty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed shop.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaeins hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half-a-dozen coonty birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honourables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye're sittin' there, Drum, she 'ill hae him.

"Ma word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it 'ill be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half pay and a few pounds frae a fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin', shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deevilry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a' peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarrelling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma lady whuppit oot o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a mak-up the story aboot Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply, "she wes threatenin' tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na, na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as onybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye said a Bailie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'

"Noo a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives . . . . Ye 'ill come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his wy," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any highmindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart

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that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heiress, and she was a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he touched the point there—receiving Doctor Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but. . . . This daughter of a Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn-door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fery rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It iss not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the

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Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his Bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

"'Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month,' I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentlemen, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate has gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson, and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochty woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a visit to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochty. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"AY, HE'S IN, BUT YE CANNA SEE HIM."

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he wes daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've eneuch withoot ony fyke (delicate work) a' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been for peety a' wud hae flung up the place.

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the waufies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude eneuch for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so command-

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ing that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be," raising her voice to rally her heart, "'at wud take chairge o' a strainger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochty Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hizzies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favourite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My friend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Dr. Saunderson, Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Missabib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochty . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed and wrapped round his shoulders the old grey plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom, immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggressively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the housekeeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it.

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochty, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the

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Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochty. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not that he spoke aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Doctor Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here also I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . . ."

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you . . . nothing left here . . . but you . . . —my breath is bad, a little chill— . . . understand. . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'ill send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way . . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both . . ." He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end.

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of——"

"I know, Rabbi," and kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and to cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear:

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"Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in Him." He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note—"Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said in a clear voice full of joy, "My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, "Rabbi, Rabbi."

CHAPTER XXII.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

DOCTOR DAVIDSON allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his time-table—notwithstanding certain wayside rests—that the Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed, and afterward remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

"The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, "that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochty, and under this long green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days, when men fought not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love, and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honour is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindliness, so that now when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

"Fower letters the day, Doctor, ane frae Dunleith, ane frae Glasgie, another frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' aboot it. Twa circulars an' the *Caledonian* maks up the hale hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen, but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By-and-by, when the labour of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would

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make for his favourite seat beside the white rose tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the *Muirtown Advertiser*. It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its roups, reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the good-man found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centres. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sally forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts' great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper like the minister might be supposed independent of Posty's precis, but even Doctor Davidson, with that day's *Caledonian* in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Glaisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while, an' noo it's a fair stramash. They say it 'ill no be lichtsome for weedows an' mony decent fouk in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of those swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hardheaded up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld fouk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coalpit explosion in Lanarkshire or a loss of fishing boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we 'ill see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humour to assign one fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid," appeared in various subscription lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy arch, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighbouring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he

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"TO PUT FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE."

would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practise many little economies, who travelled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him. Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Doctor Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this forenoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like A'Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind of . . . saint?"

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre,"—Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and the General fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is t?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall

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have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window.

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am . . . a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she 'ill be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but . . . Tochty Lodge."

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here . . . but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochty, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we 'ill be out of the place—nothing left but our graves."

"Sandie, this is bad form, and . . . you 'ill not hear this talk again; we 'ill get a billet somewhere, and wherever it be, the'ill be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about downstairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you——" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge when we were getting it to our mind; but we 'ill have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you 'ill have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. Voila, mon père."

When the two Drumtochty men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs. There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbours, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing. No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stockbroker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia, which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighbourhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from

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whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayrshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentlemen, it appears to me as if under a natural provocation and suffering we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced. The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that at any rate those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something which cannot be taken from us by any fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honour."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang, but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—all men of the old Scots breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sound of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, travelling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle dealers, was so abashed by their remarks as they read the *Caledonian* that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's hes a sair fecht tae keep straicht in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached, Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honouring you."

It was a fine instance of the unfailing tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dogcart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Netherton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph, and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted, but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the hand-shake of the Drumtochty men.

(*To be concluded.*)

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ALEXANDER KIELLAND.

Alexander Kielland is the least Norwegian of all the Norwegian writers, not only among his contemporaries, like Björnson and Jonas Lie, but among the newer men of the subsequent generation, like Gabriel Finne, Knut Hamsun, and Vilhelm Krag, whose names we Americans have hardly yet learned to know. I mean this, however, less in regard to his matter than to his manner. Although several of his short stories are French in their setting and others are Danish, the greater part of his work and all of his important novels and plays act and have their being in Norway. Kielland's attitude towards his material, on the other hand, is new to Norwegian literature. For the first time in his pages, among both his forbears and his contemporaries, we meet with the point of view of a man of the world. Björnson and Jonas Lie have always a sort of homely provincialism, inherent and characteristic, that is part and parcel of their literary personality, whose absence would be felt under the circumstances as a lack of necessary vigour. Kielland, on the contrary, as inherently, has throughout unmistakably an air of *savoir vivre*, in the long run much surer in its appeal to us outside of Norway because of its more general intelligibility. Björnson and Jonas Lie in this way have secured places in literature in no small part because of their characteristic Norwegianism ; Kielland to some little extent has secured his place because of the want of it. Ibsen is here left out of the discussion. He is quite *sui generis*, and apart from the mere choice of environment for his work could belong anywhere.

If it is sought still further to distinguish the grounds of difference between Kielland and the other Norwegians, it will be found that besides this always inherent dissimilarity of attitude there is also in his writings a strikingly different use of language. It may be more than suspected that the two are in a sense convertible terms, that the language is only the outward and visible sign of the other. At any rate, Kielland writes Norwegian, heavy and plodding, and withal, let it be added, honest, as it is in the other writers of Norway past and present, as nobody else has been able to write it. There is an epigrammatic capacity in it that has otherwise been left to lie fallow, a sparkle hitherto unsuspected beneath its sombre surface. It is all done by fair means. Just where he has caught the trick it is impossible to say, but the staid Northern tongue is all at once filled with the vivacity of the South, and its new airs and graces, moreover, are felt to become it. His

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use of Norwegian reminds one of Henry James's use of English at his happiest, only there is the difference that Kielland is a pioneer in this respect in his literature, while Henry James is, after all, but one of many.

Kielland's career as an author dates from 1878. He was born in 1849 in Stavanger, where his father was a shipowner and merchant, rich and patrician, as the family had been for generations before him. At the university he studied jurisprudence, and duly took his examination, but he never practised his profession. Instead, he presently bought a brick and tile factory at Malk, near Stavanger, which he managed until 1881, when it was disposed of to a stock company. Although at the first sight there might appear to be the grounds of a natural incompatibility in the synchronal production of bricks and literature, our author did not vitally feel them, for his first literary work was done under these conditions. These first writings were several short stories that appeared anonymously in 1878 as *feuilletons* in the Christiania *Dagblad*. Just at this time, during the exposition of 1878, he spent several months in Paris, where he wrote more short stories, all of which together subsequently formed the material of his first two books, *Novelletter* (1879) and *Nye Novelletter* (1880). With these books Kielland's career was definitely begun. Since then he has written the novels *Garman and Worse* (1880), *Laboring People* (1881), *Skipper Worse* (1882), *Poison* (1883), *Fortuna* (1884), *Snow* (1886), *Jacob* (1890), the tales *Else* (1881), *Two Danish Tales* (1882), and *St. John's Eve* (1887), and a number of minor comedies and dramas. All of the latter without exception have been produced on the stage, some of them with pronounced success, in all of the principal theatres of Scandinavia. But little of Kielland has found its way into English. *Garman and Worse* exits in translation by W. W. Kettlewell (London, 1885), *Skipper Worse* by the Earl of Ducie (London, 1885), and a number of the short stories have been published as *Tales of Two Countries*, translated by William Archer (New York, 1891).

Kielland's novels are one and all novels of tendency. With his first short stories as a criterion, and a knowledge of his own personal antecedents and the almost necessary predilections that he might be supposed to possess his career as a novelist could not have been foreseen. His early stories betray no great seriousness of purpose, and his personal environment removed him as far as possible from liberalism in ethics and religion, from socialistic proclivities even remotely democratic, and a ready susceptibility to the whole spirit of the age. Yet these are just the characteristics of his later books. They are strong, liberal, and modern ; so much so that many of them have evoked a loud spirit of protest in Norway, where leaven of this sort is still striven against in many quarters.

Georg Brandes, in his brilliant essay on Kielland, has sought to account in detail for our author's intellectual fostering. He finds that he has read Heinrich Heine, line for line, and from him has absorbed the radicalism of "young Germany." From Kierkegaard, of whom we know little, he has his ethical standards. The literature of Denmark since 1870 has had its effect upon him, so that he is nearer akin to his Danish contemporaries than to his Norse predecessors. From John Stuart Mill has come his type of women. There are traces of Dickens in his humour and his love for character description from the lower ranks of life, and on our own account be it said, in his frequent exaggerations. Last, but not least, there is the undoubted influence of the modern Frenchmen, like Balzac and Zola. It is Professor Boyesen who truthfully points out his similarity to Daudet, but here is less a question of influence than of intellectual affinity.

Kielland's first novel, *Garman and Worse*, is a description of life in a little town, evidently his own native Stavanger, in which two generations are contrasted. It is full of clever characterisation and of portraiture of undoubted truthfulness, even if, as one of his critics says, he is more of a physiognomist than a psychologist. In *Laboring People* he strikes a much deeper note of feeling. The book treats of the sociological problem of the classes, and in particular of the adverse influence of the higher upon the lower, and the same theme is again the subject of *Else*. Kielland attains possibly his highest development in his third novel, *Skipper Worse*, whose theme is the pietistic movement in Norway. There is in this book a sureness of touch, a dignity and a conscious power that en-

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title its author, more than does any other single one of his works, to the place that has been conceded him well up in the front rank of contemporary novelists. The central idea of *Poison* seems to be the pernicious role played by Latin instruction in the modern schools. In *Snow* there is a side thrust at the tyranny of orthodoxy. *Jacob*, the last novel, is a protest for reality.

The effect of these novels in Norway has already been hinted at. It must, however, by no means be understood that they were universally condemned, for they had their outspoken defenders, who have ultimately remained in possession of the field. During the years 1885–87 Kielland became a burning question. In the former year Björnson and Jonas Lie, then in Paris, sent a memorial to the Storthing calling attention to the fact that by virtue of his place in literature Kielland should be made the recipient of the customary poetical pension already accorded them and Ibsen. The committee to which it was referred, however, denied it on the grounds that the State should neither support nor stamp with its approval literature "opposed to the prevailing moral and religious ideas of the nation." The matter came up no less than three times before the Storthing, only to be finally abandoned. Why the Norse yeomen, the real political power in Norway, should have drawn the line at Kielland and not at Ibsen is scarcely apparent, unless the explanation is that they read the one themselves and leave it to the rest of the world to read the other.

William H. Carpenter.

WRIT IN A BOOK OF CELTIC VERSE.

In Spring.

No more the street without my door,
The gusty Saxon here or there,
The roofs that March bites to the core,
The serious folk, the brooding square.

For, drawn from out the spreading West,
To the gray East in vapours rolled,
Though heir, I pass but as a guest
To the new land that is my old.

Left from the echoing, outlived years,
The daffodils are yet the same,
And up the roads that shook with spears,
March drives them hillward like a flame.

A country dim from edge to edge
With the long trouble of the past;
Where old days darken in the hedge,
And old wars sound a trumpet blast.

Song walks there, bountiful, apart,
In a half light of earth and sky;
She takes all Sorrow to her heart,
And sets it loose in one rich cry.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

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AMERICAN PROVINCIALISM.

It seems to the present writer that America is cursed by provincialism, in spite of the fact that, as a nation, we are the greatest travellers in the world. The truth of the matter is that the mass of us do not travel; it is the few, the suddenly rich, or those who feel they owe it to themselves to make the "grand tour" once a year, who leave their homes, but the bulk of us remain here, pat ourselves on the back, and conclude that this is the only country in the world worth seeing, and that the broadening of our ideas consequent upon contact with other peoples is the beginning of the deluge. And by provincialism is meant an intolerance and contempt of other people's ideas, customs, manner of dress, language, or accent. Even a cab-driver in this country would look with pity and a certain scorn upon the greatest Greek who ever lived if he wore a petticoat and could not speak English.

From the highest of us to the lowest we look upon foreigners as objects for commiseration. But that is not the worst of it; if we but thought these things and kept them to ourselves, and did not give voice to them, our case would not be so hopeless a one. We take particular pride in being loud in ridicule of the foreigners within our gates; our papers, daily and weekly, are often given up to the caricaturing of some outsider, who may either be a guest—and by all rules of courtesy and decency entitled to respect—or the Minister of a foreign court, duly accredited in the diplomatic service, but whose peculiar costume, being different from our trousers and tail-coat, is therefore fair game for our cartoonists.

Now, while claiming to be a loyal American with a well-developed bump of patriotism, the writer asserts—and deny it, my brethren, if you can—that the great mass of American citizens has no respect for God or man. We wear clothes of a certain cut and speak the English tongue; therefore all peoples who wear garments of any other cut and speak a different tongue are beyond the pale and treated as inferior beings by our superior selves. In plain English, this is what it amounts to; and seeing this sort of narrowness and intolerance on every hand is the reason why Americans, the bulk of them—there are many happy exceptions, of course—are to be considered provincial in the extreme.

We all remember the case of the Persian ambassador, the only one who ever came to this country, who was a gentleman born and bred, a diplomatist and distinguished man in his own land, but who remained here only one year, fairly driven out by the ridicule of the papers and the hooting of the small American boys when he appeared on the streets. He withdrew his letters and departed, saying that while he liked some individual Americans, as a nation he found us crude and utterly lacking in good breeding and respect for the rights of others. This is but one instance. People who have lived in Washington know how thoroughly life is made a burden to those ambassadors who retain their native costume, until the very name of American becomes hateful in their ears. Until this nation learns that a man may be a Christian and a gentleman in a skirt and without a tail-coat, there is very little hope for us.

While fully realising that comparisons are odious, and particularly those by which we suffer, let us contrast the manner in which we are treated abroad and the way in which we act toward Continental people in this country. In the first place, as to language: no matter how many mistakes and laughable blunders we may make in endeavouring to speak German, French, or Spanish, as the case may be, one will never see a smile on the face of a foreigner; rather will he encourage us and assist us to persevere. And now for the reverse of the picture: let a Spaniard or other foreigner come over here and murder our tongue, we will laugh in his face and think it very amusing to tell him that he is right and encourage him to continue his mistakes for our entertainment.

And let it here be said once more that this is true of the vast majority; happily there are many well-bred Americans who are better-mannered. And then as to costume: doubtless when we go to other countries, particularly where they have a national dress, our appearance may be amusing to the people, espe-

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cially to the peasants, a class in which one does not look for refined courtesy; but one has yet to hear of an American who was ever laughed at or caricatured in foreign lands by high or low. By this is meant more particularly Continental countries, and even the Far East. Our English cousins have a merry jest at our expense once in a while; but actions speak louder than words, and so long as they send all their best young men—or perhaps their worst—to this country for wives, a discreet silence about our alleged shortcomings would befit them better.

We send missionaries to the Orient and to Africa to Christianise and to civilise; but we could not in a thousand years acquire the courtesy of the Japanese or the savage Menelek's generosity to a fallen foe.

We are a nation that lives to joke and to be amused; but it would seem that we have developed our sense of humour at the expense of many qualities far more valuable in the make-up of a nation. The young American boy of to-day, brought up from infancy with a nurse to amuse him, and going to college to amuse himself with athletics, finally arrives at manhood with the firm conviction that this world is nothing but a joke, the main purpose of life amusement, and that to be serious is a sign of lack of brains.

We consider the English very obtuse; but would that some power could give to us a little of their seriousness, and to them a modicum of our humour. A happy medium is desirable, and is surely possible; but at present, thoughtful people must concede that our national levity is as great an extreme as the national obtuseness of the English.

While there are frequent instances of good, clean fun—more, I think, here than in any country in the world—still the tendency of our humour is all toward disrespect—disrespect for elders, for superiors, and especially for the Government. Fancy a Frenchman speaking of the President of France by his first name! On the other hand, fancy an American man taking off his hat to a policeman, as one may see men do in Germany. To a German that policeman represents law, order, authority, and therefore he respects him. To an American he represents nothing but an opportunity for a joke or a cartoon, because the American has apparently no real respect for law or order.

We caricature everybody, from the President down to the humblest official. When approached upon this subject an American will ask how he can respect a government that is rarely represented by native-born citizens, but mostly by foreigners, who receive the franchise the day after they land—figuratively speaking—and one of whom may be the Governor of a State within a year. But the men who ask these questions are either surface thinkers or no thinkers at all, else they would know that the underlying reason for this state of things is because the more intelligent class of Americans have deliberately given up politics to the control of immigrants. It is directly the fault of this more intelligent class that these new-comers occupy prominent positions in our Government, for, in the absorbing pursuit of the almighty dollar, born Americans forget that their country has some claims upon them. One may venture to say that not two-thirds of the most intelligent class of citizens in any community even go to the polls and vote; but once in a while, when they look up from the desk to which they are chained and see how things are going with their country, they raise their voices in loud complaint, and talk about America for Americans, forgetting, or not realising, that if each native-born American citizen did his duty, politics would not now be in the deplorable state in which they are.

Another reason, possibly, for the great respect shown for those armed with authority in old-world countries, and the utter lack of it in this, is because everywhere but here one constantly sees the outward sign of law; in the streets are seen many uniformed soldiers and officers, and one feels that they are there to uphold law and to preserve order. But here, beyond the very simple uniform of policemen and firemen, we rarely see a symbol of authority. Instead of glorying in his uniform and being proud to wear it, our American army officer apparently despises it, and never dons it unless obliged to do so for some State function. The constant wearing of the uniform by American army officers would serve a twofold purpose: it would give a little colour and life to our streets; it might impress our citizens—and, let us hope, the ubiquitous

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small boy—with the idea that there is some authority in this country ; that law is not entirely a dead letter ; and it might possibly be a slight check upon rampant lawlessness.

Without doubt, if the average citizen of the United States were asked, he would affirm that South America—and he takes no trouble to hunt up geographical lines—is inhabited by a semi-savage race of whites, blacks, and half-breeds, who are in a backward state of civilisation, and who are filled with envy and all uncharitableness toward us because of our wonderful progress and advancement ; while the truth is that even in the colony of Dutch Guiana there is a small town with a cosmopolitanism and a society that might well be the envy of our largest cities. And, stranger still, the inhabitants of that part of the world do not consider us the most remarkable people on earth, at all.

And for fear of being accused of lack of respect for her own country, the writer desires to say that she believes the better classes of Americans are the best people in the world, the truest, bravest, and most intelligent ; but looking at America—one should say the United States ; we rarely realise that America means more—we are forced to regard our country as that younger son of the family of nations—who claims to know more than his elder brothers ; thinks his way is the only way ; states his opinions loudly ; talks down his elders, feeling and betraying a self-confidence that makes the experienced ones smile and say, "Wait!" And this young man, as he advances in years and acquires knowledge, will discover that age and experience are, after all, of value ; that to scorn the lessons of the past and ignore the accumulated wisdom of centuries is not something to be admired, but rather a sign of crass ignorance, to be deplored by all his true friends. And one may also venture the opinion, loving well the country typified, by comparing it to the younger member of the family of nations, that this young man's best days will come after somebody has effectively punched his head for him ; in other words, that he must learn wisdom by sad experience.

Yet while there is not a doubt that America at present is suffering from provincialism, nevertheless in making the simile comparing this great country to a young man who has yet many things to learn, this youth may be considered the most promising in the world, with greater prospects and a better outlook than any of his elder brothers.

Sincerely believing that he will pull through this crucial period, in spite of the many blows he is sure to encounter before he learns that he might pattern himself with advantage upon the example of his elders, it is safe to predict that he will eventually discover that to go slowly, learning wisdom as he goes, is the truest progress, and will inevitably result in putting him in the forefront of the family.

Caroline M. Beaumont.

THE AWAKENING.

A sun-shaft flies from the Day's bent bow
And stirs the motes in the morning air,
It sets the heel of the Night aglow,
And gilds the gloss
Of the locks that toss
Over the pillow, white and fair.

A burst of day with a touch of night,
For out of the blue of the counterpane,
Her eyes, like morning stars, burn bright.
A baby cry—
A gentle sigh—
The soul of my day is alive again.

John Albert Macy.

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LONDON LETTER.

I have an announcement to make this month of universal interest to lovers of literature. As is well known, Mr. Thackeray left injunctions that no biography of him should appear. In spite of this, many valuable contributions to the story of his life have been published, the most important of which is perhaps the charming series of letters to his friend, Mrs. Brookfield. His accomplished daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, has written in various forms much about her father, all of it, it need hardly be said, in exquisite taste. Notwithstanding many offers and suggestions, she has hitherto declined to prepare a formal biography, but I understand that now she has seen her way to write a series of introductions to her father's novels, which will be prefixed to a new issue of his writings by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. These introductions will be full and elaborate; they will contain much personal as well as much literary information, and Mr. Thackeray's letters and manuscripts will be freely used in their preparation. No doubt the work will take its place as the final and standard edition of the greatest among English novelists.

The comparatively long-continued and immense success of the Scottish school of novelists has provoked a natural impatience; many are waiting to see their day pass and their sales diminish, and it has been freely said that there are already signs of this. I confess I am unable to trace them. The subscription to Mr. Crockett's last book, *The Gray Man*, has been the largest ever made for any story of his. I am confident that the expectations of his admirers will not be disappointed. *The Gray Man* seems to me distinctly the best of Mr. Crockett's books, alike in proportion, in interest, and in style. Mr. Crockett sometimes fails in laying hold of his readers at the beginning, and in *The Gray Man*, as in most of his stories, the interest is much stronger at the end than it is at first; yet whoever begins the story and reads a few pages is likely to finish it. The demand for Mr. Crockett's books is as great as ever, and he is constantly adding to his already very numerous engagements. I am not exaggerating when I say that he has arranged for the publication of at least seven new volumes and fifty magazine stories. His next story will commence in the *Christian World* in January, and he has made a fresh engagement with the *Graphic*, which published *The Gray Man*. Probably no serial story has been so widely read as this. The *Graphic* syndicated it in leading provincial newspapers in every part of England and Scotland. Not content with his work in fiction, Mr. Crockett meditates other departures. Then the sale of Ian Maclaren's books is as rapid as ever, and I am much mistaken if it will not be found that *Kate Carnegie* presents the best, I had almost said the only true picture of Scottish clerical life in the language. One of the best things he has written lately is a sketch entitled "Christmas at Drumtochty," which will appear in the Christmas number of *The Woman at Home*. I understand he is to use this in his readings in America. He has not forsaken his theological studies, and is preparing a volume entitled *The Theology of Grace*, which will be the complement of *The Mind of the Master*, and which will show that he is more orthodox than some critics have supposed. The sketches, like *The Mind of the Master*, will be published first in the pages of *The Expositor*. Ian Maclaren's output is never likely to be very large, as he is engrossed with the labours of a great congregation. Mr. Barrie has ready for publication *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy*. About these books I will only say that they are certain greatly to enhance his already great reputation, and to put him beyond dispute at the head of the younger men of letters in this country. I venture to hope that American readers will be interested in the latest addition to the list of the Scottish school, David Lyall, whose book, *The Land o' the Leal*, will appear immediately. David Lyall makes no pretentions to the artistic and literary power of some of his compeers, but his book is a very faithful picture of Scottish life not idealised or sublimated in any great degree. David Lyall also shows unmistakable narrative power, and more will be heard of him.

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His next book will probably be entitled *Scots Folk in London*, and will describe the fortunes of some Northern emigrants to the metropolis.

Publishers both old and new are bidding eagerly for the work of writers who are sure of a large sale. The greater publishing firms for a long time waited until they were approached, and made it a boast that they never solicited the works of authors who were already placed with other firms. There is now a great change; authors are solicited on all sides, although the two oldest and best known houses in London have hitherto stuck to their ancient practice. The new publishers are naturally less scrupulous. One author, to my knowledge, has arranged for the publication of a six-shilling volume of short stories at a royalty of two shillings per copy, and another author has had offered him a royalty of forty per cent. on a book published at a net price. It is not pretended that any profit is made by these transactions—in fact, a loss must be incurred, but it is thought that they help to draw other business; this I should consider extremely doubtful. It is the opinion of the most experienced among authors' agents that an English publisher cannot get more than twenty-five per cent. royalty on a six shilling book, and work the book well, advertising it liberally, and giving it every chance; and I find that our popular authors, generally speaking, take this view.

In the opinion of some of our best judges the most promising among younger writers is Mr. H. G. Wells. He has not as yet succeeded in catching on with the larger public, but it is thought that his new bicycling story, which appeared in Mr. Jerome's paper *To-day*, will greatly enhance his position from every point of view. It appeals to the large cycling public, and is said to be, in addition, a work of real literary art with a touch of ideality. Another writer of merit, who is Mr. Wells's closest friend, is Mr. W. Pett Ridge, who is, so far as I know, the only one among our younger writers who reproduces easily the brisk, cheerful manner of Dickens. I think it is rather to be regretted that Mr. Pett Ridge is publishing many little books and collections of short stories. These things fritter away a reputation, but it is easy to understand how young literary men are tempted. If there is any man among us who could do a continuation of *The Pickwick Papers*, it is Mr. Pett Ridge. Another young writer on whom your readers should keep their eye is Miss Annie E. Holdsworth. Miss Holdsworth, who is the daughter of a Wesleyan minister, was for some time engaged on Lady Henry Somerset's paper, *The Woman's Signal*. She was obliged to resign this position, having been in very bad health; happily she is now recovering, and she has written the story for next year's *Sunday Magazine*. *The Years Which the Locusts Have Eaten*, her last book, attracted great attention from some of the best judges, and touched with remarkable delicacy on some painful problems. Miss Holdsworth should have a future before her. Another young writer from whom good work may be expected is Mr. W. J. Dawson. Mr. Dawson is the minister of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, the pulpit of which was formerly occupied by Dr. Bevan, who at one time held the pastorate of the Brick Church in New York, and is one of the most popular preachers in London, drawing a congregation of two thousand persons. He is busily engaged in literary work, and his new book, *The Story of Hannah*, is admirably and in many parts brilliantly written. It is an intimate study of the village life of Methodism. Mr. Dawson is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was for years in the Wesleyan Church. Another writer of Wesleyan origin is Miss Adeline Sergeant, one of our most industrious and prolific writers of fiction.

Two new magazines are added to our already long list. One is *The Temple Magazine*, edited by Mr. Silas K. Hocking and Mr. F. A. Atkins. The idea is to produce a thoroughly readable Sunday magazine on new lines. Our Sunday periodicals are ably conducted, but they have declined into the ways of modern magazineism, and the idea of *The Temple Magazine* is to produce a kind of Sunday *Strand*. Mr. Hocking is a novelist of wide popularity, particularly in Lancashire, where he was for many years a minister, and Mr. Atkins is well known as one of the ablest and most successful of our younger editors. I think their idea a very good one, but I am not sure that it has yet been sufficiently realised—that is, there is some

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want of originality in the planning of the periodical; but, no doubt, experience will suggest improvements. Another is a lady's magazine, *The Lady's Realm*, the peculiarity of which is that many members of the aristocracy are taking much interest in it and will furnish contributions. Among other names announced are those of the Duchess of Somerset and the Countess of Warwick. Whether readers will buy a magazine because the contributors have titles remains to be seen. Of course the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson, have secured some of our most widely read authors in addition to these, among them Marie Corelli. I believe the original idea was that the magazine should be edited by Marie Corelli and go by her name, but the popular novelist declined.

Miss Corelli's success is one of the most curious phenomena at present. While old and able writers like Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Lynn Linton command comparatively small circulations, Miss Corelli's sales are always up to fifty thousand at least. She has signally failed hitherto to get the good will of the critics, and has so strongly resented the attacks made upon her that now her books are not sent to the papers for review. She is, however, sufficiently well advertised, and makes frequent and wrathful appearances in the columns devoted by the newspapers to their correspondents.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, September 25, 1896.

PARIS LETTER.

The reception in Paris of the Emperor and Empress of Russia arouses in France such a universal interest, that it could not fail to have its literary side. The French Academy is numerously represented among those entrusted with the task of welcoming the guests of France. First at the gala performance of the Théâtre Français we have a compliment to the sovereigns composed by Jules Claretie, and recited by the doyen of the celebrated theatre, the tragedian Mounet Sully. Jules Claretie, who has been for a number of years the manager of the Théâtre Français, is also, as is well known, one of the Forty Immortals! Why, it is not easy to discover; his last novel, just published, *Brichanteau, Comédien*, gives no clue to the mystery, as it does not rise above the very modest level of his previously published works.

Then we have an official reception by the Académie Française as a body. The Academy showed remarkable tact in the selection of its officers for the month. They are Ernest Legouvé, as director (the traditional title of the Academy's president), and the Viscount Eugène Melchior de Vogüé as chancellor or secretary. In choosing Ernest Legouvé the Academy, which is the oldest living State institution in France, evidently was attracted by the age of its venerable doyen. The author of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, who is still hale and hearty, was born in 1807, and is consequently now eighty-nine years old. We may remark that in this respect France is to-day decidedly poorer in old remarkable men than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Rémusat, Victor Hugo, Dufaure, and several others all died when over eighty years old, and they all died between 1873 and 1885. Chevreul, who reached one hundred and three years, followed them in 1889. Now that Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and Jules Simon are also dead, Ernest Legouvé remains the only notable octogenarian among Frenchmen of letters, and I do not know of any *very* old man among the great ones in the worlds of art, science, politics, etc. Max Nordau would surely cry out, Degeneration! And who knows?

The selection of M. de Vogüé as chancellor was due to altogther different considerations. Even to day, after several years of literary activity as one of the leaders in the neo-Catholic movement, M. de Vogüé's chief claim to distinction rests on his having been in France, and to a certain extent in Europe, the introducer of the Russian novel. He is besides connected with Russia by his marriage, as his wife is the sister of General

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Annenkof, the energetic promoter of the Transcaucasian Railway.

François Coppée, who was selected as the poet of the day, is not an octogenarian, and has no special connection with Russia; but he is still, among the poets (?) of the Academy, the one who could best be entrusted with the task of writing to order a *pièce de circonstance*. The choice lay between him and Henri de Bornier, who cannot be compared with him. Besides the reception was conceived as an essentially Parisian affair, and Coppée is undeniably of all the members of the Academy the one who is most completely identified with Paris. With true Parisian *galanterie* he decided to address the Empress and not the Emperor. Did he remember, though, when he so decided, that the Empress is by birth a German?

It is fortunate that Nicholas II. is a good French scholar, as was shown by his answering in French the Emperor Wilhelm's German toast; thus no one had to fear that the same thing would happen to him as happened more than a hundred years ago to Benjamin Franklin, who, in a similar circumstance, most loudly applauded the passages in which he was personally eulogised. He had not understood a word of what was said, and therefore had looked toward the one man in the audience whom he knew best, and had applauded whenever he saw his friend applaud, with the ludicrous result above stated.

The attendance of the visitors after the set speeches during the regular sitting, devoted to the preparation of the new edition of the dictionary, is always a part of the programme at the French Academy. An interesting word to discuss on the occasion would have been the word *consolider*, especially if the Academy had been willing to admit the new meaning ascribed to it by Sarcey not very long ago—viz., to drain numerous glasses of champagne in order to consolidate the Franco-Russian Alliance.

There is another literary, but very far from academic side, to the reception; it consists of the popular chansons composed for the occasion. But, by the way, why should the Parisians not have resuscitated for the occasion a chanson that was a few years ago heard in every street?

"Le voilà,
Nicolas,
Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Perhaps it was considered just a trifle too familiar, so they determined to have new chansons written, and it is a fact that no less than five hundred have been composed and placed on the market. They can hardly be called masterpieces. One of the best (what must the other ones be?) is a kind of idyl, *Francillonnette et Nicolas*. Francillonnette is the French Republic, she is wooed by two lovers, and this is what happens:

"Le premier s'appelait Guillaume,
Avait tout c'qui vous empaume;
Le s'cond était un fier gars,
C'était le beau Nicolas.

"L'amoureux que Francillonnette
A choisi, c'est l'beau Nicolas,
Ah! Ah!
Elle ne sera plus seulette,
Car Nicolas la défendra,
Car Nicolas s'ra là.
Viv' Nicolas!"

The little town of Alais, in the Department of Gard, broke the record the other day in regard to the unveiling of statues—three in one day!—those of Pasteur, Florian, and a certain Abbé Sauvage. Pasteur, although a member of the Academy, was hardly a literary character, and the same thing may be said of the Abbé Sauvage, although claimed by the Félibres as one of their ancestors, as he is remembered almost solely as the author of the best work on the raising of silk worms. But what lover of French literature does not know Florian, le Marquis de Florian, the amiable husband of Voltaire's niece, the author of quaint fables, of *Gonzaloe de Cordoue*, of the best of the eighteenth-century idyls, *Estelle et Némorin*, for *Paul et Virginie* already belong to the literature of passion, and finally of deliciously awkward little plays on the celebrated Arlecchino of Bergama?

At another end of France an inscription was unveiled which is, we think, the first homage of the kind paid to the memory of Ernest Renan. His native town, Tréguier, in Brittany, placed on the house in which he was born the following inscription:

"Ernest Renan,
de l'Académie Française,
Administrateur du Collège de France,
ancien élève du Collège de Tréguier,
est né dans cette maison
le 28 février,
1828."

Below the inscription is seen an admirable medalion of Renan by Chaplain.

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During the ceremony, which took place on September 24th, the great writer's son, Ary Renan, delivered a short address of thanks, in which was clearly expressed the desire of soon seeing a statue of Ernest Renan on one of the public squares of Tréguier.

A new brotherly couple now will claim the attention of French novel readers. M. Victor Margueritte, lieutenant of dragoons, has just resigned his commission and becomes his brother Paul's literary associate. The signature of J. H. Rosny, as is well known, is also a joint signature, and the Goncourts are not *quite* forgotten. And there was, years ago, the celebrated signature Erckmann-Chatrian. What would La Bruyère say, who claimed that no masterpiece of the mind can be the work of more than one man? Perhaps he would maintain that his statement needed no better support than is provided by the history of the associations just mentioned; that *Renée Mauperin*, *Germinie Lacerteux*, Rosny's *Bilatéral*, though undoubtedly interesting productions, cannot be called *des chefs d'œuvre de l'esprit*, like *Madame Bovary*, for instance.

An interesting literary event is the completion of Testard's admirable and costly edition of Molière's works. The last instalment, just published, contains *Le Malade Imaginaire*, with an introduction by T. de Wysewa, Brunetière's many-sided but perhaps too prolific secretary, and illustrations by Maurice Leloir. It has taken about fifteen years to bring to its conclusion this magnificent piece of bookmaking; neither its original editor, Anatole de Montaiglon, nor its original publisher, Émile Testard, lived long enough to see it finished. *Sic vos non vobis* once more.

Another death attracted attention during the month, that of Léon Vanier, the publisher of most of the works of the symbolists and decadents. He was to them almost all that Renduel was to the Romanticists sixty or seventy years ago. And he did not lose money with them, although their works never sold extensively. He managed the thing very cleverly. He knew that although the purchasers of Verlaine's, Mallarmé's, and Moréas's works, not to speak of René Ghil and others, could not be very many, those who like that kind of poetry were willing to pay almost any price for the works of their favourite authors. So he published them only in very thin volumes, of about sixty to one hundred pages, and in a very simple style (we mean so far as paper and typography were concerned), and sold them for the same price as the usual four hundred-page volume. Thus he succeeded in making a profit on even very small sales, and everybody was happy.

The Thursday matinées of the Paris Odéon are of a sufficiently literary character to deserve being noticed in THE BOOKMAN. The performances in 1896–97 will be divided in three series: first, six Greek and Latin plays, the most notable being Æschylus' *Persæ*, Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, Aristophanes' *Plutus*, and Terence's *Phormio*; second, five French seventeenth and eighteenth-century plays, not all selected; third, five foreign plays, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Carlo Gozzi's *Turandot*, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, etc. Of course Shakespeare's masterpieces are not included, because they are now constantly on the boards, and it is the desire of the managers to give to their special public only what cannot be got elsewhere. The explanatory lectures will be given by Sarcey, Jules Lemaître, Henry Becque, and others.

Alfred Manière

10 RUE D'ISLY, PARIS.

BROWNING.

As when amid some vast orchestral din
The organ's deep majestic sound is heard;
So doth thy voice with Life's great mystery stirred,
Sweep o'er the strife of flute and violin.

Robert Adger Bowen.

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NEW BOOKS.

A NOVEL OF MYSTICISM.*

What is the psychological secret of the mysterious connection that exists between religious desire in man and the desire that is sensuous and even sensual? That there is some such relation it is impossible to doubt when we look into the records alike of literature and of life. Let one turn to the confessions of Saint Augustine, the loftiest and greatest of the Latin Fathers, and read the appalling chronicle of those wallowings in sin, through which he ultimately passed to the saintly life that still shines with undimmed purity down the path of human effort. Let one also call to mind the strangely dual life of Paul Verlaine, who so often sat down, reeking with the odours of the foulest of Parisian *gargotes*, to pour out in verse of almost superhuman sweetness the aspirations of a soul profoundly touched with religious yearning. Nor is it without a deep significance that in ancient times the worship of the gods was often blended with rites of indescribable eroticism, and that in all ages the vocabulary of religious exaltation is borrowed from the language of human passion. The Song of Songs, ascribed to Solomon, is, to be sure, no longer viewed as a sacred allegory; yet it was for many centuries so regarded, and the sternest and most ascetic Puritan was not revolted by the thought that its amorous imagery was meant to voice a spiritual sentiment. To take a very modern instance, it is only a few years since one of the most widely popular of evangelical hymns was criticised, and not quite unreasonably, because its language was too emphatically suggestive of mere sexual desire. It may be, in fact, that there is something typical and significant in the legend of Saint Anthony, one of the holiest of anchorites, whose chief temptation was that which filled his cell with visions of fair women.

The subject is, perhaps, a little dangerous, and we shall not here pursue it any further; yet it is quite irresistibly suggested by the volume which now lies before us, and which we are inclined to think not only the greatest novel of the day, but one of the most important, because one of the most characteristic, books of our quarter of the century. It seems to us incredible that no publisher as yet has chosen to reprint it for the benefit of readers in this country, and that, so far as we can find, no copy of it has as yet been offered here for sale.

Until its author, M. Huysmans, wrote it, his name suggested to the readers of French literature nothing more than naturalistic fiction of the rankest and most brutal type—fiction that surpassed the most typical work of Zola in the frankness of its physiology and the shamelessness of its indecency. With *À Rebours*, which appeared in 1885, this Flemish Frenchman reached a sort of morbid climax both in subject and in treatment, and because of this Herr Nordau chose him out as embodying the quintessence of moral and literary degeneracy. Yet it seemed to us at the time of its appearance that in *À Rebours* there was to be detected a new and striking note, an indication of new currents of tendency, a drift away from merely physical analysis, a reaching out toward something which, if not ethically higher, was at any rate more subtle and more psychologically interesting. The later works of M. Huysmans have made it plain that this assumption was a true one; and since *Là Bas* has been succeeded by this latest work, the true significance of the change is very clear Taking these three novels together, one may rightly view them as embodying a single purpose—a purpose of which perhaps and probably the writer was himself not always fully conscious, but which, as his task proceeded, fully seized upon his intellect and was, no doubt, developed with the simultaneous development of his own experience.

For it is permissible to think that in setting before us the evolution of a true degenerate, M. Huysmans has been writing a spiritual and intellectual autobiography. Mr. Kegan Paul, to be sure, in his admirable introduction to the book, declares that such an assertion is both impertinent and unnecessary; but even he avoids a flat denial

* En Route. By J. K. Huysmans: translated by C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 6s.

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of its truth. Whether it be impertinent or not, it will occur with great force to every one who knows the story of M. Huysmans' life and who is thoroughly familiar with his work ; nor do we think that the hypothesis is one which the author would himself resent. It seems, indeed, impossible that the strange things set forth in *À Rebours* could have been imagined by a person whose own life had been free from any such experience, or that the intensity of feeling that marks the strongest chapters of *En Route* could be merely the *tour de force* of a clever writer. We shall not therefore be far wrong if we assume that we have now before us the record of a searching self-analysis, however much the superficial incidents of the story be altered from the actual facts. This must be borne in mind, for the books that form a sort of series refer ostensibly to different persons ; yet it is, in reality, but one single experience that M. Huysmans is relating. For whether the protagonist be spoken of as Des Esseintes in *À Rebours* or as Durtal in *En Route*, the change of name implies no change in personality, nor in the conditions of the psychological and moral problem that is presented for our contemplation.

The story itself is the narrative of a man who has deliberately cultivated sensation to the point where it has touched the very extreme of enervation, and who in this persistent quest has exhausted the possibilities of physical pleasure, until at last the morbid and the abnormal have reached the narrow line that marks the verge of sanity. This phase is set before us in *À Rebours*, perhaps the strongest effort of perverse imagination that literature can show. Here we find the degenerate already sated with the pleasures of the flesh, jaded and fatigued, yet seeking still for something to excite at least a momentary interest, and endeavouring to find it in the piquancy of a life in which everything shall be utterly abnormal, in which all the modes and all the conditions of ordinary existence shall be consistently reversed. He therefore creates for himself a home apart from any possible contact with other men where in every possible way he follows out the cult of the artificial as being the supreme attainment of human genius. He is served by unseen attendants, who avoid entering his presence. He never quits his home. He sleeps, when his insomnia permits it, by day, and prowls about his habitation in the hours when other men are sleeping. His living-rooms are enclosed one within another, with holes that admit an artificial light through glass receptacles filled with water coloured by essences to a muddy yellow, and containing mechanical fish that pass slowly back and forth through clusters of sham sea-weed. The chamber is impregnated with the smell of tar and decorated with crude lithographs of ships and seascapes. In this strange place he amuses himself with experimenting in the theories of Symbolism, translating each of the senses into terms of another. Wishing to hear music, he summons its sensations by drinking drops of curious liqueurs, whose effect upon the taste causes in his mind the sensations analogous to those produced by different instruments of music—dry curaçoa recalling the clarionet, gin and whiskey the trombone, anisette the flute, and Chios-raki and mastic the cymbal and the kettledrum. When he longs for the effect produced by pictures, he obtains it through his sense of smell, mixing together the perfumes that bring up before his depraved imagination landscapes or city scenes, the dressing-room of the theatre, or the surgeon's clinic where ulcers and festering wounds attract his thought. His morbid ingenuity evokes from every scent an optical sensation, from the smell of stephanotis and ayapana to that of ordure and of human sweat. When he eats, and before his body revolts from the abnormality of his tastes, he dines on buttered roast beef dipped in tea. We need not recall to our readers the further details of this phase of his development. On the face of it there seems to be nothing in the tale but what is morbid and delirious, and to a healthy mind both hideous and revolting. Yet, as we have already said, one can here detect a subtle note that is not found in *Marthe* or *Sœurs Vatard*. The cult of the purely physical has ceased to satisfy, and there is a vaguely outlined longing for something intangible that the flesh alone can not allay.

In *Là Bas*, the second novel of the series, this longing has taken a more definite form. We see a quite distinctly formulated interest in the spiritual, or

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at least the supernatural. Mere animalism retires into the background of the mental picture, though it still exists as a discordant and disturbing element. The degenerate hero of the book has turned his mind toward the phenomena of the religious sentiment as a sphere neglected heretofore and perhaps quite capable of affording new sensations. Yet, as before in other things he utterly reversed all normal notions, so in this new quest his impulses are inspired by perversity. He approaches religion from the standpoint of its contemner. Where a normal sinner would seek the influence of prayer and worship, Durtal enrolls himself among those fearful creatures who embrace the cult of Satanism. These singular rites, as one tradition tells us, were brought to Western Europe from the East by the Knights Templar at the time of the Crusades, and were finally at least the pretext for the dissolution of that famous Order. As many know, the cult survives in France, and has not been unknown in England during the past hundred years; for students of literary history will remember how it found a devotee in Lord le Despencer, who practised it with men like Wilkes and Byron and Paul Whitehead at Medmenham in the old Cistercian abbey. Durtal is led by the influence of one Madame Chantelouve, a diabolic creature, to join in the frightful practices of the Satanists. He is present at a Black Mass, where blasphemy supplants the Litany, where prayer is mocked by cursing, and where images of the Devil and his angels take the place of God and of the saints. By Madame Chantelouve he is lured into various acts of sacrilege, some of them involuntary; and thus he seems to have sunk to an even lower depth than when he lived the frankly pagan life of an eccentric decadent. Yet one feels in laying down the book that the end is not yet; that Durtal is still groping in the darkness, and that the very violence and outrageousness of his impulses may lead him at last into a reaction against the physical and moral disease that vexes him.

In *En Route* we find a striking contrast at the very outset. Durtal is presented to us as already weaned, in spirit at least, from the life that he has led so long. He is shown as one who has accepted in the fullest sense the faith of the Catholic Church. The processes of his conversion are not detailed, but they may be inferred from what is told us in the opening chapter. Led on by curiosity, and perhaps by a desire for new experiences, he began to study the manifestations of the religious sentiment, and at once his mind and imagination alike were seized and held fast by the artistic side of the Roman ritual. He began to study the inner history of the Church, the lives of saints, and the story of passionate devotion which those lives have illustrated. He steeped himself in the spirit of the Middle Ages, and sought out those sanctuaries where that spirit still finds its manifestations apart from the sordidness of modern life. The stately Gregorian music, the childlike yet affecting forms of mediæval art, the ancient churches whose chapels are dimmed by the smoke of innumerable censers, and impregnated with the odour of extinguished tapers and of burning incense excited in him indescribable emotions.

"Among these [churches] St. Séverin seemed to Durtal the most exquisite and the most certain. He felt at home there; he believed that if he could ever pray in earnest, he could do it in that church; and he said to himself that therein lived the spirit of the fabric. It is impossible but that the burning prayers, the hopeless sobs of the Middle Ages, have not forever impregnated the pillars and stained the walls; it is impossible but that the vine of sorrows whence of old the saints gathered warm clusters of tears, has not preserved from those wonderful days emanations which sustain, a breath which still awakes a shame of sin and the gift of tears."

He enters into the dim aisles of a vast cathedral and listens to the magnificent music that the distant choir sing. The passage is a striking one:

"Durtal sat down again. The sweetness of his solitude was enhanced by the aromatic perfume of wax, and the memories, now faint, of incense, but it was suddenly broken. As the first chords crashed on the organ Durtal recognised the *Dies Iræ*, that despairing hymn of the Middle Ages; instinctively he bowed his head and listened.

"This was no more, as in the *De Profundis*, a humble supplication, a suffering which believes it has been heard, and discerns a path of light to guide it in the darkness, no longer the prayer which has hope enough not to tremble; it was the cry of absolute desolation and terror. And, indeed, the wrath divine breathed tempestuously through these stanzas. They seemed addressed less to the God of Mercy, to the Son who listens to prayer, than to the inflexible Father, to Him whom the Old Testament shows us, overcome with anger, scarcely appeased by

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the smoke of the pyres and the inconceivable attractions of burnt-offerings. In this chant it asserted itself still more savagely, for it threatened to strike the waters, and break in pieces the mountains, and to rend asunder the depths of heaven by thunder-bolts. And the earth, alarmed, cried out in fear.

"A crystalline voice, a clear child's voice, proclaimed in the nave the tidings of these cataclysms, and after this the choir chanted new strophes wherein the implacable judge came with shattering blare of trumpet, to purify by fire the rottenness of the world.

"Then, in its turn, a bass, deep as a vault, as though issuing from the crypt, accentuated the horror of these prophecies, made these threats more overwhelming; and after a short strain by the choir, an alto repeated them in still more detail. Then, as soon as the awful poem had exhausted the enumeration of chastisement and suffering, in shrill tones—the falsetto of a little boy—the name of Jesus went by, and a light broke in upon the thunder-cloud, the panting universe cried for pardon, recalling, by all the voices of the choir, the infinite mercies of the Saviour, and His pardon, pleading with Him for absolution, as formerly He had spared the penitent thief and the Magdalen. But in the same despairing and headstrong melody the tempest raged again, drowned with its waves the half-seen shores of heaven, and the solos continued, discouraged, interrupted by the recurrent weeping of the choir, giving, with the diversity of voices, a body to the special conditions of shame, the particular states of fear, the different ages of tears.

"At last, when still mixed and blended, these voices had borne away on the great waters of the organ all the wreckage of human sorrows, all the buoys of prayers and tears, they fell exhausted, paralysed by terror, wailing and sighing like a child who hides its face, stammering *Dona eis requiem*, they ended, worn out, in an Amen so plaintive, that it died away in a breath above the sobbing of the organ.

"What man could have imagined such despair or dreamed of such disasters? And Durtal made answer to himself, 'No man.'"

In fact, Durtal was brought back to religion by his love for art; and the sight of the countless worshippers who knelt day after day before the crucifix shook to the depths his tainted soul. He believed, and his whole being cried out for a refuge from his disgust with life, his infinite weariness of self. But as yet he had faith alone. He could not pray; he could not even master the temptations of the flesh that kept assailing him with even greater strength than heretofore. He sinned and sinned again, even while his mind was full of these new emotions. But at this moment he fell under the influence of a priest, a shrewd, kindly man, of vast experience, cultivated, and a keen judge of human nature. Him Durtal consults, not as a priest so much as a sympathetic friend; and little by little he yields to the kindly influence of the shrewd old Abbé. With infinite tact and delicate finesse, the Abbé leads him on to take an interest in those Orders in the Church that are purely contemplative—the Cistercians and the Trappists. Little by little, Durtal's imagination is fired by the thought of a life of such pure devotion, until at last the Abbé Gévresin suggests that he spend a short time as a "retreatant" in the Trappist monastery of Notre Dame de l'Atre, shut out from the world, and surrounded by the influence and example of those monks who approach in their lives the nearest to complete self-abnegation. Durtal is startled at the thought. He asks questions as to the restraints that are imposed upon a layman who enters even for a week a monastery such as this. His first objections are singular in their modernness. He is fond of cigarettes, and cannot think of giving up tobacco. He hates oily cookery, and he cannot digest milk in any form. But the notion of becoming a retreatant fascinates him. He reflects and hesitates. It occurs to him that he can perhaps find some way of smoking cigarettes by stealth in the woods about the monastery. He thinks that he can stand the cooking. At last, after days of internal conflict, he decides to go, and makes a prayer—a most curious prayer.

"Take count of this, O Lord: I know by experience that when I am ill-fed, I have neuralgia. Humanly, logically speaking, I am certain to be horribly ill at Notre Dame de l'Atre; nevertheless, if I can get about at all, the day after to-morrow I will go all the same. In default of love, this is the only proof I can give that I desire Thee, that I truly hope and believe in Thee; but do Thou, O Lord, aid me."

The same odd mixture of modernity and mediævalism is seen throughout. Durtal, with his mind filled by thoughts of St. Magdalen of Pazzi and Bonaventura and Dionysius the Areopagite, stuffs his valise with pink packages of cigarettes, and Menier's sweet chocolate, and antipyrine, and sets out for the monastery from the Gare du Nord. We cannot spare the space for even the briefest recapitulation of his experiences there, which Huysmans tells with minute detail and the most singular frankness. His life as a retreatant, his spiritual struggles, his mental battles with unbelief, his victories and his defeats, are

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vivid in their realism. One feels that this is just what would be the experience of a modern, only half-weaned from a loose and lawless life, suddenly plunged into an atmosphere of the strictest mediævalism. This life keeps recurring to the imagination of Durtal. A certain Florence comes to his mind with maddening persistency. He sees continually her sly face aping the modesty of a little girl, her slim body, her strange tastes that lead her to drink toilet scents and to eat caviare with dates. Once he believes that Satan himself enters the room and fills it with visions of horror. Again, in the midst of prayer, he is seized with a fearful longing to rise and yell out blasphemies. He finally goes to confession, and the scene is told with curious minuteness. Then at last a great calm comes upon him. The atmosphere of intense devotion, the sublime reality of the faith that inspires all about him, their life devoted to the single end of praise and worship and adoration, and the benignant and sympathetic kindness of the monks soothed and comforted and strengthened him. Here was rest and hope and perfect tranquillity, and the book ends with his regretful return to Paris and the expression of his longing for a life of religious contemplation.

"If they [his loose companions] knew how inferior they are to the lowest of the lay brothers! If they could imagine how the divine intoxication of a Trappist interests me more than all their conversations and all their books! Ah, Lord, that I might live, live in the shadow of the prayers of humble Brother Simeon!"

The English translation by Mr. C. Kegan Paul has been excellently done, though he exasperates us at times by his trick of joining typographically into a single sentence, two sentences that are quite distinct and separate—a wretched Gallicism. Here and there he has softened and shortened the excessive frankness of the original, when it would be offensive to English delicacy; though in one instance—the curious account of the Succuba on page 169—he has allowed the whole passage to stand with a rather startling effect. His prefatory note is admirably written, and shows that he undertook the labour of translation in a devout and reverential spirit, believing that only good can come to the reader of the book from its perusal.

En Route is interesting in many ways. It is unique among the other books of Huysmans in style no less than in spirit. Here he has wholly put aside the studied bareness and hardness of expression that characterise his earlier method, and the descriptive passages glow with colour and abound in strange felicities of expression. His enthusiasm for the purely mediæval fairly carries him away, and, we think, has led him into indefensible extremes. Did space permit we should like to say something of his evident devotion to plain song as against the harmonised Gregorian chant of Palestrina; for we think that the greatest masters of church music would decline to follow him in his lack of discrimination between the plain chant in the prefaces to the Mass and the other portions of the service, in which more than a single voice is necessary for the full effect. His enthusiasm leads him also into long and rather tedious digressions upon the history of the mediæval saints whose lives he insists upon detailing with remorseless elaboration, so that the effect produced is thoroughly inartistic from a literary point of view, and gives the impression of one who has crammed up a subject and is unwilling to lose any portion of his material.

Interesting also is the psychological side of the book, with its implied thesis that faith, like all other emotions, is contagious; and with its illustration of the thought with which we commenced this review, that the sensuous nature under certain influences can become the most profoundly spiritual and religious. M. Huysmans is usually classified as one of the disciples of Émile Zola; but Zola could never have written a book like this. For, in spite of the contrary opinion that prevails, Zola is no sensualist in the fullest meaning of the word. He is only an intense materialist, and he lacks a sympathetic insight into the phenomena that are purely spiritual. He is like the photographer who with equal unconcern and as a matter of mere business will in the same hour turn his camera upon the dead child in its coffin filled with flowers, or upon the leering dancer in her spangled tights.

To those of us who are Protestants the book is full of deep instruction, in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organisation which has made provision for the needs of every human soul,

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whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days when Doctors of Divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority.

H. T. Peck.

MRS. WARD AND "THE NEW WOMAN."*

The artist of an historical picture has one advantage over him who paints watermelons, grapes, and wineglasses half replenished; he can choose a larger canvas, and crowd it with figures to an extent only limited by the story he has to tell and his power of telling it. In *Sir George Tressady* Mrs. Ward has chosen to paint for us the history which to-day is in process of making; and though the book contains not a single character avowedly real, the picture of this strange, complex, confused time of ours is very accurately drawn, and the author's purpose of helping at least some of us to understand it and ourselves before it passes away is completely attained. But it is not unimportant, in studying a battle-piece, to know from what point of view the artist beheld it; as to which Mrs. Ward does not leave us in doubt. In speaking of Lord Maxwell, she says:

"The vast extension of the human will and power which science has brought to humanity during the last hundred years was always present to him as food for a natural exultation—a kind of pledge of the boundless prospects of the race. On the other hand, the struggle of society brought face to face with this huge increment of the individual power, forced to deal with it for its own higher and mysterious ends, to moralise and socialise it lest it should destroy itself and the State together; the slow steps by which the modern community has succeeded in asserting itself against the individual, in protecting the weak from his weakness, the poor from his poverty, in defending the woman and the child from the fierce claims of capital, in forcing upon trade after trade the axiom that no man can lawfully build his wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of his fellow—these things stirred in him the far deeper enthusiasms of the moral nature. Nay more! Together with all the other main facts which mark the long travail of man's ethical and social life, they were among the only 'evidences' of religion a critical mind allowed itself—the most striking signs of something 'greater than we know' working among the dust and ugliness of our common day."

The passage is rather long, but as it supplies the key to the story, no apology is required for its quotation. The stage at which our author shows us this "long struggle" is the fight over a bill introduced into Parliament by Lord Maxwell, dealing with certain sanitary reforms in certain trades, and in especial "touching the grown man for the first time;" and our first introduction to the hero is as the successful candidate for Market Malford, a borough which has lately fallen vacant, and for which he has stood, distinctly on the issue of opposing the Maxwell Bill.

The strength of hand with which the main lines of the picture are drawn is something wonderful, and the colouring is masterly; nowhere is there a hasty or ill-considered stroke, or a tint too deep. It is true that many of the characters are types rather than "folks." Mrs. Allison, for example, with her piety and priestcraft; and her son, who, in the revulsion from all that which he has been reared in, has gone over to deliberate vice, always dramatic and unreal, are logical and philosophical, but in some way do not appeal to one's nerves with the sense of a living presence. In fact, whether because such keen analysis as Mrs. Ward's is opposed to a lively faith in the reality of her personages on her own part, or because "we others" do not go about armed with psychological Crookes' tubes whence to direct X-rays upon the hearts or, at any rate, the skeletons of our neighbours, certain it is that Mrs. Ward lacks the final supreme gift of making her characters step down from their pedestals and live with us. Ian Maclaren has not one tenth her technique; yet Weelum MacLure and Jamie Soutar are our personal friends in a sense that we should never claim for Marcella or George Tressady. But criti-

* Sir George Tressady. By Mrs Humphry Ward. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $2.00.

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cism is ungracious ; and we would rather praise.

No picture of our own times would be complete that did not consider the marriage question and its correlative, the development of "the new woman." The first of these Mrs. Ward treats by presenting us with two contrasted marriages—the ideal union of Lord and Lady Maxwell and the conventional, commonplace "match" of George and Letty Tressady. And just here we must pause for a moment to "taste" the combined good art and good breeding with which Mrs. Ward, refusing to take for granted that all the world has read *Marcella*, gives a *résumé* of the courtship of her by Aldous Raeburn, and in so doing furnishes the only instance with which we are acquainted of a perfect sequel which is, at the same time, a perfectly independent and complete *opus*. "Letty" is a wonderfully fine bit of work, with her deliberate wish to make the most of her attractions, much as might be done by a clever Circassian slave, her dawning love for her husband, and finally, with the rise of the maternal hope in her own heart, her softening toward Lady Tressady. The marriage turns out as one might have expected when the man has got precisely what he supposed himself to want, and the woman has failed in getting what she bargained for ; but the author shows us Letty, in her wounded love, anger, and vanity, "held tortured and struggling all the time in the first grip of that masterful hold wherewith the potter lifts his clay when he lays it upon the eternal whirring of the wheel." And later in the story :

> "Through George's mind there wandered half-astonished thoughts about this strange compelling power of marriage—the deep grip it makes on life—the almost mechanical way in which it bears down resistance, provided only that certain compunctions, certain scruples still remain for it to work on."

And we feel that we have gained a deeper insight into the problems of marriage than has been afforded us by all the decadent novels that have ever been written.

There is a story told of one of the learned ladies who have held professorial chairs in the University of Bologna, that she lectured always behind a veil, lest the sight of her beauty should distract the minds of her pupils. Now, as every woman knows—and far more every man—any sort of public life for a good woman is impossible, except under the protection of that for which the veil stands in this story. But it remained for Mrs. Humphry Ward to embody this feature of the woman question in a novel, and she has done so with such exquisite truth and delicacy as defy description ; one must read it as it stands in the text. But perhaps the average woman will be as puzzled as was Letty to comprehend Marcella's remorse, since whatever she did was done for love of her husband. Was not Queen Louise of Prussia well-nigh sainted for using her feminine charm in the effort to win from Napoleon I. better terms for her spouse and country ? But the entrance of women as a class into the life of the colleges, the professions, and the trades has brought the logic of facts to bear upon this question ; and the answer has been the evolution of a new type, one to which the deliberate use of the charm of sex for any ulterior object—or except as a free gift for love's sake only—is, as Marcella felt it, a desecration. In her intercourse with George Tressady, Marcella only once deliberately unveils herself, if one may so express it ; it is a far more subtle touch that her influence over him did harm from the moment when she paused before the mirror to weigh her power of gaining him as a recruit.

We have referred to Letty as "in the grasp of the potter ;" all through the story we are made to feel this something "greater than we know" working upon and transforming into a higher likeness one and another of the persons of the story. The final catastrophe, though it comes upon us with a sense of shock, is in the line of the same force ; Tressady's earth-life is over, not because his happiness is irretrievably gone, for, on the contrary, he has lived past the worst, and his marriage, even his parliamentary life, have turned out "not so badly after all." But these experiences themselves have procured for him a development on the spiritual side of his nature, to secure which demands another atmosphere, and he is accordingly promoted. We believe that we are not forcing a deduction, but that this is Mrs. Ward's own argument for a future life, though the tragic close of the book may also be considered in another way as its logical conclusion, overwhelming in a common

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ruin the obstructives on both sides—conservative capitalist and labour agitator—who have set themselves against "the power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

Mrs. Ward's great predecessor, George Eliot, announced definitely that the gospel she had to teach was one of human influence; that "the fellowship between man and man, which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man; and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human." * Mrs. Ward would certainly qualify this statement very considerably; nevertheless, we doubt the final outcome of the friendship between Marcella and Letty. The bond between them, though real in its way, was hardly spontaneous. There cannot, in fact, be a spontaneous friendship between a lofty nature and a petty one; and small in her ideas and opinions Letty was likely to remain, in spite of her undeniable development. And no merely human personality is capable of an infinite friendship, an unlimited response to a constantly increasing demand, or of a continual giving out of itself, receiving nothing in return. Polemics prevented George Eliot's perception of this truth; and the same influence may possibly have weighed with Mrs. Ward. But perhaps the something "greater than we know" may deal with this question also; and her next book may show us the further truth in connection with the influence of a pure and strong personality; that when unconscious it is always for good; but that intention unveils it to itself, and opens subtle doors of self-love and self-pleasing through which is sure to issue, soon or late, some source or seed of evil.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

A HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING.†

This is a monumental work. It is not at all an epoch-making one, but it is distinctly useful. The industry, of which there is in it such ample evidence, has not been wasted. Indeed, this is not the time to write a great book on the subject. There is still quarrelsome disunity, if not actual war, in the land of art. Revolution mixes up great and little too confusedly for a very much interested contemporary to be proportionate and sane and fair. Herr Muther's knowledge is prodigious. To keep an eye not only on Munich, Paris, Glasgow, and London, but on the exhibitions of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Madrid as well, and to trace and characterise the work of the little followers as well as the leaders, would frighten any save a German. A work like this must perforce be, in part, the result of studio gossip, and of the slightest first-hand acquaintance with a great deal of its subject.

On the whole it is catholic and fair; its attacks—for the criticisms amount to such—on Dagnan-Bouveret, for mawkishness, come as a surprise. Dagnan has his critics, of course, but is there any sense in saying that he does for French painting what Marlitt did for German fiction? This habit of literary comparison, even when there is no malicious intention, has led Herr Muther many times astray. To call Fred Walker the Tennyson of painting is mere nonsense, as absurd as his coupling the names of George Eliot and Swinburne (p. 114, vol. iii.). Except in a few cases, the shorter characterisations are not very useful, and are sometimes misleading—but the wonder again is they are there in such numbers. It is a puzzling book if we take it all as equally serious; for while the author is evidently heart and soul with the newer schools, sympathetic toward the bolder work of Paris, and of the Munich Secession, there are numberless conventional judgments which tolerance cannot alone explain; these are probably second-hand opinions gathered from the rumours of established reputations. Good things and bad are the closest neighbours. We are given surprising fulness and startling omissions. Seeing that a reader will come across a goodly number of his painter friends in these volumes, and some of these not very shining lights, he has a right to be astonished that Lenbach's name occurs only once, and that in reference to some one else, that Renoir is treated in exactly the same fashion, that Holman

* Letter to Mrs. Ponsonby, *Life*, by Cross, vol. iii.

† The History of Modern Painting. By Richard Muther. 3 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $20.00.

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Hunt and Parsons are just vaguely referred to, that so great a painter as Wilkie has a mere passing notice—true, he hardly comes into the vaguely defined period dealt with—and that Clausen is not mentioned at all. There are, of course, disproportionate notices of others. After Burne-Jones had been examined at some length, it was not necessary to give such prominence to Strudwick as has been done. Perhaps the desire to say all that was possible for Italy in its recent artistic poverty, explains an undue tolerance toward some inanities and some vulgarities too—those of Favoretta, for instance. There are errors in plenty. Here is an excusable one. "This land of industry [England] knows nothing of pictures in which work is being accomplished; this country, which is a network of railway lines, has never seen a railway painted," says Mr. Muther. Well, as to the latter, there is one great picture of a railway, and an engine, too, by a very English painter, and surely in Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Forge" there is too much rather than too little of the atmosphere of work. But we own there is some reason if not accuracy in the assertion. Dante Rossetti, by the way, was not a Catholic, and no one who knew him would accept this description of him, "a sedentary student who had yet an enthusiasm for knightly deeds." And while we are on the track of shortcomings, we may say that the Index is not complete.

On the other hand, there is excellent matter in the book, and there are a few admirable passages. Those among us who know much about the modern art of Holland, Belgium, and Spain are but a handful. Very few of us guessed that Norway and Sweden had any art at all. Yet there are stirrings and strivings there, and some of them of real interest. With regard to Russia, we all know Verestchagin, and nothing at all of Répin. Herr Muther tries to put that incongruity right, though of course pure art has not really a chance against sensation. And among much that is slipshod simply because of the vastness of the plan, there is some excellent summarisation. He does full justice to American painters great and small, but he has hit their present condition exactly here—"They possess no captivating intimacy of emotion, they know nothing of confidential revelations, but clearness of eye they have, and deftness of hand, and refined taste, and they understand admirably the secret of creating an illusion by technique." Those to whom it is new will be much entertained by the amusing account of Sar Joseph Péladan and the Rosicrucian Exhibition of 1892. And Scotland will warm to Herr Muther when they read, "The Scotch are painters. They instituted a worship of colour such as had not been known since the days of Titian." Of course, this was to be expected from a Munich critic, but the pæan of those he affectionately calls the "Glasgow Boys" has discrimination enough not to be altogether fulsome. Germany is, we think, treated with scant justice; but then Herr Muther was writing for those who needed information about foreign countries more than about their own. Let us add to the list of virtues the Bibliography—very useful, and quite as complete as could reasonably be expected.

The translation, by Mrs. Hillier, is satisfactory. But the phrase "painted in one jet" is not English—as yet. As for the illustrations, they are very numerous and well chosen, and by helping the characterisations to show the kind of subjects affected by the different painters, they may be of some use. But they are shockingly reproduced. Bookmakers must make up their minds that if they will have many pictures, they cannot make cheap books.

SIENKIEWICZ'S NEW NOVEL.*

It must be confessed that a modern novelist as an inventor of history is far more interesting than the prosaic chronicler who strives to record with accuracy events that actually occurred. The one may bend materials to suit, may adorn his narrative with all the flowers of imagination; the other must weigh and balance and sacrifice. Even when Cleio has done her very best we are not sure that we have the truth. No other muse is so limited: her wings are constantly clipped of their bright-coloured feathers. She must be content to sit on her perch, tied by the cord of Truth, while the other daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne

* "Quo Vadis." A Narrative of the Time of Nero. Translated from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

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go soaring off into new and delightful regions. We know from the annals of Tacitus that the insane monster Ahenobarbus, the Bronzebeard, afterward called Nero, came unexpectedly to the throne of Rome, and began a career of debauchery and cruelty so enormous and unbridled that the historian himself apologises for the monotonous blackness of the beastly record. Tacitus says: "*Neroni assumptus est elegantiæ arbiter, dum nihil amœnum et molle affluentia putat nisi quod ei Petronius approbavisset.*"

Now Henryk Sienkiewicz takes this Petronius as the protagonist of his tremendous drama. There exist a few fragments of a once immense work that consisted of at least sixteen books, entitled *Petronii Arbitri Satiricon*, but scholars have crossed swords over the question whether this extraordinary *mélange* of prose and verse was only a compilation, or was really the work of the Petronius who, according to classical writers, when threatened with Nero's disfavour, smashed a costly murrhine vase lest it should fall into the tyrant's hands, and then opened his veins and slowly perished amid the wondering guests invited to see the spectacle. Its fragmentary condition has been ascribed to the unwillingness of copyists to soil their styluses with its incredible obscenity; but as that which is left is almost as bad as bad can be, this reason scarcely holds. One of the best-known passages is that called the Supper of Trimalchio. Sienkiewicz must have studied this work. He at least takes it for granted that the senatorial Petronius was its author, and the picture that he paints of this cynical, witty, slothful Roman is a masterpiece of portraiture. Bad as he was, he was not wholly lost to all shame, and his service as proconsul of Bithynia was unselfish and energetic. Sienkiewicz makes him more than lovable.

The young soldier Vinicius is drawn by the novelist with even freer hand. There was a Vinicius put to death by Messalina, and still another who rose in revolt against Nero and was overcome and executed. But Sienkiewicz's Marcus Vinicius is Petronius's nephew, and his love for the young Danubian hostage, the Princess Lygia, who lives in Rome as the adopted daughter of the noble Aulus Plautius and his Christian wife, becomes the golden thread of the story.

To speak of threads gives one a wrong idea: the reader may remember how when Æneas enters the temple in Carthage he is amazed to see the walls decorated with paintings representing the Trojan War. Sienkiewicz tells his epic story in somewhat the same manner. It is a marvellous succession of colossal cartoons drawn with a free hand and glowing with dazzling colours. Here is a Verestchagin-like picture of the Forum, with all its wealth of temples and shops, and its jostling population gathered from all the world. Here come the orgies of Nero, reminding one of the sensuous canvases of Max. Then the games and gladiatorial shows in the Circus Maximus, the conflagration of the city, and the brutal and almost too revolting delineation of the persecution of the Christians.

Nero and his satellites appear in all their frightful shamelessness, but throughout in absolutely unique contrast are the serene, eloquent, and noble pictures of Christianity and its effects. If we have Nero, we have also Peter and Paul, and how vivid they are! One can hardly doubt their actuality. If we see Poppæa, beautiful and serpent-like, we have Pomponia and the exquisite heroine Lygia, passionate but pure. If we have Chilo, the wily Greek, unscrupulous and cowardly, we have also the mighty Ursus, the innocent murderer and simple-hearted giant.

One is tempted to make many quotations in justification, but it is needless. For those who like historical fiction, this book will take its place alongside and perhaps above *Ekkehard* and *Aspasia* and that fine series of novels to which Germany has given birth. It is said that if a person standing at the foot of Niagara merely touches the awful sheet of water with a finger, he is drawn irresistibly in; and so if a person begin this book, the torrential sweep of its immensity becomes instantly absorbing. It is one of the great books of our day.

Mr. Curtin's translation lacks little of the highest art. There are whole passages magnificent in their musical swing and rhythm. Occasionally he makes trifling slips. There are annoying examples where he reproduces the characteristic Slav mixture of tenses. Once at least he uses the word "immediately" in the incorrect English way ("began to cry immediately she carried her

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past"). He frequently employs "barely" for scarcely. He is also apt to misplace modifying adverbs. More than once he tries to express a Polish phrase in correspondingly literal English, as where he says, "her lips of a queen," where "queenly lips" would have been obvious. There are several misprints: the Egyptian goddess is Pasht not Pacht. On page 127 Pausa should, of course, be Pansa. Taken as a whole, however, Mr. Curtin's work is deserving not only of praise, but of admiration. And he may well be proud to have set his name upon a book which is, after all, perhaps, the highest panegyric of the miraculous influences of Christianity that has appeared in modern times.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT THE MIDDLE AGES.*

We hope that we shall live long enough to see produced by some writer of adequate scholarship and also of adequate literary skill a great work that shall give a truthful and at the same time a satisfactory picture of the Middle Ages—not a political and institutional history, but a history of men and women as they lived and toiled and thought and dreamed in that period which is one of the strangest as it is one of the most fascinating in the annals of civilisation. We are heartily sick of taking up volumes with titles like that of Professor George Burton Adams's *Civilisation During the Middle Ages*, and reading once more about the Papacy and the Feudal System and the Empire, no matter how ably those themes may be dealt with by an erudite and ingenious author. These things are all very well; but the world has had enough of manuals of the sort, and would gladly give a hundred of them for one broad and luminous revelation of the world in which these systems and governments were cast up by the great heaving mass of humanity below. We want to have a searchlight flashed into the depths of mediæval life, that shall teach us what we do not know, and explain what is now inexplicable. Much has been done for one who will undertake the task. There are mountains of curious fact already piled up in the libraries, and there are gold mines of precious knowledge into which new explorers may descend and come back enriched with treasures new and old. The vastness of the task is appalling, the amount of labour disheartening, the critical acuteness and intellectual sympathy almost impossible to be found united in any single mind; but some day the thing will be done, and we hope that we shall be alive to see it done.

There could be certainly no more fascinating task than to reconstruct in minute detail the life that lies in that mysterious half-darkness, which is nevertheless shot through and through with golden light; that gloom which we now can see was a vivifying and fructifying gloom, like that of the dewy night when growing things ripen, or of the warm, loamy earth, when the seed swells and bursts into a new life. The time has gone by for regarding the Dark Ages as a sterile period of wintry ignorance. We know them now as the ages wherein the new and the old were blended gradually into something that was itself neither new nor old, but partaking of what was best in both, gave us the highest civilisation to which mankind has yet attained. And what we want to see worked out is some intelligible account of the process as it took place, not in courts and camps alone, but in the hovels and the homes where the great masses of human beings delved and trafficked and imagined strange things, and saw both the present and the past in a sort of gigantic mirage.

Dean Church's book is an excellent manual of the conventional order, being now reprinted in a slightly different form from that in which it first appeared when published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. It is largely based on Gibbon, but is very intelligently enriched by knowlege gleaned from subsequent investigations, and may be commended to any one who wishes in a very compact and understandable form an account of the external history of the first nine or ten centuries of our era. There is a good deal

* The Beginning of the Middle Ages. By R. W. Church. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Jewish Life in the Middle Ages. By Israel Abrahams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

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about Theodoric and the Carlovingians and the Mark and Allodial Land and such matters, but we would not read this all over again for a large sum paid in advance, and as a matter of fact have simply skipped about in its pages, and shall let it go at that.

Mr. Abrahams has really done a very good and useful piece of work. He has taken up one side of mediæval life, and given us the means of getting a thorough understanding of it. What he tells us of the mediæval Jews throws a great many strong side-lights upon the mediæval Christians. The latter, indeed, would have had vast difficulties in getting on without the former; and the connection and association of one with the other was much closer and less marked by hatred and dislike than many people think. There was often much splendour and luxury to be seen in Jewish life, nor did this everywhere excite either envy or oppression. In fact, one of the most striking bits of information that Mr. Abrahams brings out is the general personal good will that prevailed between Christians and Jews down to the end of the twelfth century. Jew-baiting, as he shows, did not arise from popular prejudice, but came, when it did come, from the classes rather than from the masses, and was due primarily to ecclesiastical influences and as an indirect result of the Crusades. For after trying their hand at battling with the Saracen, and finding him a particularly tough customer, the knights and nobles came to the conclusion that it was easier and a good deal safer to stay at home and hammer the Jews than to fight with the hardy infidels who swarmed in Palestine. The Reformation really made things worse, and much of the anti-Semitism of Germany to-day is a direct inheritance from the influence of Martin Luther, whose utterances, as Mr. Abrahams points out, are an unfailing armoury for the Anti-Semitists of to-day. We wish that our space would permit us to quote at length some of the numerous passages that we have marked as especially interesting; but we must refrain. The whole book is packed full of curious and instructive information concerning the daily life, the religious usages, the social customs, the morals, and the literature of this remarkable people in their mediæval environment. The book is a valuable contribution to popular knowledge, and is supplied throughout with references to the original sources of information.

Mr. George Haven Putnam has taken as his corner of the mediæval field the work of those who in the centuries that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire devoted themselves to the production and the distribution of written literature. We confess that we came to the reading of his volume with a certain amount of unfavourable prejudice, due to our perusal of his previous work on the writers and booksellers of antiquity. That book was in many ways inadequate and unsatisfactory—inadequate in its mastery of facts and of authorities, and unsatisfactory in its presentation of the subject as a whole. Like many other of its readers, too, we could not fail to experience a shudder at the carelessness with which the quotations from the classical languages were given. Much of this was merely typographical, to be sure, yet no one with even a modicum of scholarship could find, for instance, the apologue of Prodicus described as "a poem" without having his critical teeth set on edge; and when he came upon Greek words in which the circumflex accent was placed on the antepenultimate syllable, his nerves were too much shaken to allow him to derive either pleasure or profit from his reading of the narrative.

The present work, however, is of a very different degree of merit. Mr. Putnam is now on firmer ground. He has a surer grasp upon his sources, and is infinitely more at home with all his facts; and as the work progresses he exhibits an ease of manner and a justifiable confidence that soon set the reader's mind at rest. He takes up, first, the literary work of the monastic orders, giving a proper recognition to the immense importance of Cassiodorus in preserving and continuing the literary traditions of classical antiquity. He outlines the history of the *scriptorium* and its influence; gives a good account of the monastic and other libraries in the manuscript period; discusses the influence of the early universities upon the making of books, and then gathers much interesting material as to the book-trade during this early age in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England. In the second part of the volume he gives a brief—somewhat too

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brief—account of the Renaissance, and the work of the early presses in Holland, Germany, and Italy, bringing his narrative down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, so that in reality he covers more ground chronologically than the title of his book would naturally imply.

As to the period that precedes the Renaissance, the work is adequately done, with all the necessary caution, and with a due sense of proportion and of discrimination in the use of his authorities. As to the latter part of the treatise, and especially in what concerns the trade in books, Mr. Putnam's special investigations and long experience entitle him to be considered as himself an authority, so that the intending critic may modestly inquire *quis custodes custodiet?* We note, however, in a general way one or two defects. We think that Mr. Putnam has laid far too little stress upon the immensely important work of Poggio Bracciolini, and we could wish for a fuller account of the recovery of the classical texts at the time of the Renaissance, a theme that possesses all the fascination which attaches to the quest for hidden treasure. In the bibliography prefixed to Part I. we also note some discrepancies and omissions. We are surprised, for example, to find omitted the monograph on Cassiodorus by Olleris, the more so as this relates especially to his work as a preserver of ancient books; and we think that Shepherd's life of Poggio should have been included as being the only one in English. The different lives of Erasmus should also have been noted under his name, as in the case of other scholars, instead of being scattered through the list. Poggio's name is given in the genitive case on p. xxv., and under Marsham the Greek word given is either wrongly written or wrongly accented. These are the mint and anise and cummin of criticism, however, and do not affect the general verdict upon the book, which is that in its preparation its author has done a very thorough and very timely piece of work, and has added to the claims which he possesses upon the gratitude of those who both love books and believe their makers to be entitled to the just reward of their labours.

H. T. P.

A DICTIONARY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.*

Under the above title, and in one single volume, arranged under one single alphabet, the reader will find a work which, in spite of Professor Peck's disclaimer of the name as too ambitious, may be more correctly described as a Dictionary of Classical Philology, using that term as it is commonly used in Germany, where the word philology is not restricted, as it is too often with us, to mere linguistic matters, but embraces all that concerns the life, art, literature, and religion of classical antiquity. Since the publication of Dr. Anthon's well-known books, the *Classical Dictionary* and the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, some fifty years ago, there has been a revolution in archæological research that has rendered antiquated all older books of reference. The discoveries that have been made by explorers like Schliemann at Troy, Mycenæ and Orchomenos; by Flinders Petrie in Egypt; by Lanciani at Rome; by the Germans at Olympia; by the American Institute of Archæology at Assos; by the French Archæological Institute at Delos, to mention only a few instances, have revealed inscriptions, works of art, even manuscripts, which necessitate an entire revision of many of our old conceptions of ancient life and manners, and especially influence our study of Greek and Roman law. How fully up to date this *Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities* has been brought can be seen by turning to the article "Musica," where the Delphian inscription only discovered in 1893 and published in 1894 is reproduced in facsimile; to "Navis," where Torr's *Ancient Ships* (1894) is quoted, or to "Sermo Plebeius," where M. Gaston Boissier's book, published in 1895, is referred to; while many of the monographs and special editions cited bear the date 1896. The same desire to give the latest possible information marks every article that we have examined, and in all the most recent authorities have been consulted. In fact, every important article has appended to it a

* A Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by Harry Thurston Peck, M.A., Ph.D. With the Co-operation of Many Special Contributors. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth, $6; Half-leather, $8.

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select bibliography, an invaluable assistance to students seeking for fuller or more special knowledge.

But in addition to the changes in the details of classical antiquity necessitated by the labours of the archæologist, the improvements in Textual Criticism, the development of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology and kindred matters, a still more striking revolution has been carried out during the last fifty years in the whole tone in which the student or the investigator regards the past. The old generation of teachers, who confined themselves to insisting on the obligations of the modern world to the literature of Greece and Rome, has given way to successors who labour (to quote Professor Peck's preface) to bring out the essential modernity of the life of the past, to show that the problems that occupied the thinkers or statesmen or economists of the ancient world still confront us, and that points of resemblance rather than points of difference must be insisted upon; in other words, that the student must not only be an "elegant scholar," but must possess a knowledge of the whole culture of the two great nations to whom we owe so much. Whether this change in the system of education in our colleges and schools is a subject of regret or otherwise need not be discussed. The system has been adopted and will be lasting, because it is adapted to the conditions of modern life with its longing for practical results.

To aid the student in his work by giving him a condensed and simple summary of the most important facts in their necessary connection with one another is the object of this volume which contains within its pages not only all that the current dictionaries of antiquities, biography, and geography supply, but a series of articles on subjects of great interest, for which we may seek in vain in any single volume. Such are the articles on the Greek and Italic Dialects; on the Pronunciation of Greek and Latin; on the Sermo Plebeius and the Latin of the provinces; on Jests (an amusing article, which aptly compares some Greek jokes to those of the *Fliegende Blätter*); on Alliteration, whose "artful aid" the Greeks almost never, the Latins rarely adopted; on Caricature, under the head of "Graffiti," in which article lovers of our national game will be pleased to see the inscription calling on the ball-players of Pompeii to rally round a lover of sport who was running for office; on Rhyme; on Rhotacism; on Novels and Romances; on Stenography, under the title "Notæ," with specimens of both Greek and Roman shorthand; and on many other matters on which it is difficult to find accurate information. Very complete and well illustrated are the articles on the houses of the ancients (under "Domus"); on the baths; on the amphitheatre and circus; and on the cities of Rome, Athens, and Pompeii. The fifteen hundred illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced, and are especially valuable in the articles on art, as in "Statuaria Ars" and "Pictura." We rejoice to see that in the article "Laocoön" the right arm of the father is restored to what is most probably the correct position; that is, not stretched out, but bent back toward the head. In the article on Cleopatra there is a reproduction of the very remarkable portrait of her found in Hadrian's villa; and "Gemma" is profusely illustrated. Nearly all of these illustrations are reproductions of objects that have come down from antiquity, but occasionally the restorations of archæologists or the ideal creations of modern artists have been inserted, the former being absolutely necessary for a correct appreciation of the text.

A very clear and succinct account is given of the Later Empire under the title of "Byzantinum Imperium," and as being important in connection with its history, the lives of the great Christian Fathers are added to the list of biographies, which includes also the names of Anna Comnena, Ducas, and other Byzantine historians. Nor are the great mediæval and modern scholars omitted; and from their collected lives an outline of the history of classical philology might be constructed. Such are the articles on Erasmus, Cobet, Ducange, Bentley, Facciolati, Bopp, Ritschl, Niebuhr, down to our old friend Zumpt, and the notices of eminent writers in Latin, like Johannes Secundus, Buchanan, and Muretus.

When the first edition of Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities* was published, much attention was attracted by the series of papers on Roman Law by the

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late Professor Long, which gave a great impulse to the study of the civil law in England and this country. Long's articles occupied a disproportionate space in the work, and were not well suited to the needs of the ordinary student. In this revised dictionary the articles on Roman law, under the headings of "Ius," "Lex," "Actio," "Magistratus," etc., are by Professor Munroe Smith, of Columbia University, whose name is a guarantee of their value; and the same may be said respecting the contributions of the eminent American and foreign scholars enumerated in Professor Peck's preface, whose names in each case represent special knowledge based on original study and investigation. The general articles, such as those on Epigraphy, History, Libraries, Museums, Music, Palæography, Philology, Philosophy, Painting, Sculpture, Numismatics, Religion, and Textual Criticism, give the student an outline which he can fill up by reference to special articles, for each of these important articles refers continually and directly to all the others that have any connection with the subject. Thus, History and Literature, Art and Science, are shown in their natural relation to the whole study of ancient life. Throughout the work the daily needs of the student in his ordinary reading have been carefully borne in mind, and some sacrifices of consistency have been made for the reader's convenience, such as the use of Latin forms instead of Greek when they are more familiar, and the arrangement of proper names of Romans under the gentile name or the cognomen, according to the respective familiarity of each in English usage. One concession seems to have been made for the sake of the "general reader" rather than the student. We mean the marking of final *e* in Greek and Latin words with an acute accent, as Aphrodité, Fictilé, and the like, which must be quite unnecessary for any one who is likely to consult the pages of a classical dictionary.

The work is appropriately dedicated to Professor Henry Drisler, the first of American classical lexicographers, whose advice and experience are duly acknowledged, and who will be the first to welcome the completion of such a guide to the studies with which the name of Professor Drisler will always be associated. The typography, a most important point in all books of reference, is throughout clear and distinct, and the proof-reading has been admirably done.

Hugh Craig.

REDBURN.*

Mr. Henry Ochiltree introduces himself to us in his preface to *Redburn* as a very canny Scot indeed, however his race feeling seems at the moment to obscure his sense of humour. He has forestalled criticism. He says that if the critics contemptuously rank his book with the "literature of the kailyard," it's their own affair; the phrase has "no terror for the present writer." His second Declaration of Independence regards the structure of his book. "There is no attempt to work out any subtle plot, because, as a rule, in the real life of purely rural Scotland little or nothing of the kind is to be found." This is something for Mr. Howells to seize on; but such a declaration shall not tempt us into the general field of art criticism. Mr. Ochiltree's method—the method of the *Window in Thrums* and the *Bonnie Brier Bush*—has something simple about it which suits his subject; and there is no use in suggesting that very likely he couldn't make a plot if he wanted to, and has very sensibly preferred to stake his reputation on gifts less alien to his art. As for the American public, which the author credits with judging of a new book "strictly by its merits," we may do as he bids us—take the book simply on its pretensions. Certainly, so far as an American can enter into the spirit of a Scot, Mr. Ochiltree has expressed "in the braid Scottis" (aye, there's a bit of a rub!) "the loves and hates, joys and sorrows, humour and pathos, of his countrymen."

Anyone who has read the recent *Adventures in Criticism*, by Mr. Quiller-Couch, will remember his very Britannic puzzlement over the Scot's preference for Burns above Scott. And he concludes that the reason for Burns's absurd monopoly of Scotch enthusiasm is his "homeliness" and his "pathos." An intolerable pathos it sometimes is to

* Redburn. By Henry Ochiltree. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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Mr. Quiller-Couch, so frank in its reach for the heartstrings that he, a respectable and self-contained Briton, finds it hardly gentlemanly. That may be; but the pathos of the Scot is his Celtic gift. It is part of the poetry of his vision. There is a profound human strain in him which makes him easily a prey to the "tears of things." If along with this deep sentimentalism he has, like the people of the "Glen," an "awfu' sense o' humour," he possesses the best human gifts of art. Mr. Barrie has the two gifts in the happiest equilibrium. Mr. Ochiltree needs to be a little bit more of the humourist. His preface is tell tale. Of the "homeliness" of Mr. Ochiltree's book there is no praise too high. Certainly nothing could be more naturally done than the author's minute and loving reproduction of Scotch country life. "The barn, the byre, and the kailyard" he has pictured with such faithfulness and zest that it makes the cockney blush for his origin. I suppose this atmosphere of simple country home life that he gives us will reach the heart of all Scots. They belong to the "Cotter's Saturday Night" race, and never forget it in the midst of the most worldly cosmopolitanism. "The Bonnie Brier Buss" and "The Wraith" are sketches for these readers. Grannie wishes to go out to get a "gliff o' the brier buss that smells sae sweetly:"

"I set it wi' my ain hand the day after your mither's marriage." . . . "Na, it was ne'er spoken o' by either your faither or mysel', but he ave tak's a bit look at it when he gangs by, and ties up the branches when they fa' ower, and your mither pours some soured whey aboot it noos and thans to gar it bloom. Your mither's different frae your faither; she ne'er lats on aboot ony o' thae kind o' things, but I see her aften pour the whey aboot it for a' that, when she thinks nane are lookin.'"

What could be more Scotch than this? The strong hold of home, the deep vein of sentiment in all Scotch hearts, especially when they "ne'er let on aboot ony o' thae kind o' things."

As for the pathos of the book, the best of this is bound up in such dear and homely ties as the author has pictured in the family of Redburn and the death of Grannie. Sandy, comforting Nansie after Grannie's death, is one of the tenderest and truest bits in the book. But the Scotch writer, in his very elemental and human pathos, can rarely avoid a certain vital tragedy. The race of Burns is a fiercely masculine race—lovers in or out of the law. We have the old tragedy over again here in the loves of Liz and Adam Scott, the tutor and the future minister of the Holy and True Kirk. "Adam Scott, you will marry me and nae ither if you are human and if a woman's heart beats in my bosom." Mr. Ochiltree has painted the wooing of Adam by the fatal coquetry of Liz in a way that convinces our senses and glamours them. Surely Liz is a woman of the same race that has given us Kirstie in Stevenson's last fragment.

But as for the subsequent tragedy and the calls that it makes on our emotions—well, Mr. Ochiltree wants a little more of the saving grace of humour, such as went into the composition of Jim Buchans. We can forgive his fatal propensity to the prelection which seems more compatible with the Scotch than the English sense of humour; but how about certain passages which certainly seem to the hard-headed American "impassioned rant"? Profoundly simple and pathetic is that perilous moment when Liz

"opened out the fold of her plaid, and passed the corner of it round Adam's shoulders. In this manner they sat for a considerable time. 'Isn't it fine and lown here,' she said, with a tremble in her voice. He drew her close to him. She leaned on his arm, and put her head against his shoulder."

But we do not care to hear in conclusion that the

"windows of heaven were draped with thick sable curtains," and that "through a blue rift in the clouds the angels looked down, and lo! beside a headless stem lay the passion-flower—its glory dead, its petals beaten in the dust."

There is a great deal in the tragedy as it proceeds which is far away from Mr. Ochiltree's best manner. They are the simple touches which are "moving." Still there is much of the real matter in this generally unpretentious book to hold the heart, especially the Scotch heart. The author has not attempted a new thing, but there is conviction in what he has done; and, Scot or no Scot, we are again under the spell of the heather.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF WORDSWORTH *

The latest, perhaps the final fruit of half a generation of labour spent upon Wordsworth appears in the elaborate edition of which the first six volumes lie before us. The literary significance of Wordsworth is so immense, and his recluse life touches the mind of the nineteenth century at so many points, that the most churlish survivor of Jeffrey's school (which never wholly dies out) will hardly demur openly at the sixteen volumes here to be devoted to him. Some part of them, indeed, is devoted, most fitly, to those lifelong companions whose unobtrusive presence made so large a part of the spiritual atmosphere in which he worked; the "exquisite sister," whose

> "voice was like a hidden bird that sang,"

and the thought of whom

> "was like a flash of light;"

and the not less exquisite though even more shy and reserved wife. Dorothy's Journal and Letters, apart from copious extracts scattered throughout, will be issued with fewer reserves than heretofore, in one of the later volumes. And thus the edition of Wordsworth's work will become, as any final edition must, a monument (but the pompous word jars in this connection) of the Wordsworth household, that "whole without dependence or defect,"

> "Made for itself, and happy in itself,
> Perfect contentment, unity entire."

It need hardly be said that the numerous portraits of Wordsworth and the vignettes of Wordsworthian localities —Cambridge, Coleorton, Dove Cottage, Peele Castle, and many more—which will accompany the sixteen volumes, aid greatly in this result.

Professor Knight is an editor somewhat of the Cambridge school—a Cambridge man may presumably say so without disrespect. His strength lies in textual criticism, in all kinds of pragmatical illustration. His apparatus criticus is invaluable, and he has accumulated a large body of illustrative matter upon places, persons, and matters of fact. These things do not lose their value because they often appear, in Wordsworth's case, to be more important than they are. He had himself a kind of official punctiliousness and precision in dealing with the outer circumstances of his poetry, which became the land agent's son and the stamp distributor better than the poet. "Matter-of-factness" was one of the "characteristic defects" which he never quite forgave Coleridge for specifying in a well-known chapter of the *Biographia*, even as introduction to a still more emphatic and powerful analysis of his "characteristic excellences." His formality lay obviously on the surface of his genius. It is not quite so obvious that his use of definite names and places is almost always uninspired; that the purely local and personal was rarely touched by the full tide of his inspiration. How few of the names which glide into his verse are touched with the passion of romance which breathes from almost every name in Scott! How few have for him the incommunicable magic of the names in Milton! For Scott a *place* is charged with the zest of quite individual association; no other can replace it; to Wordsworth it is a channel through which he has access to the spirit of nature, rarely the sole one. After all, Wordsworth is one of the poets who elude and evade; all unconsciously he sets the reader upon a wrong tack, seems to persuade him "both by precept and example" that he is the poet of "simplicity," of "real life," of "the language actually used by men," and then suddenly emerges, at brief, incalculable moments, clothed in the visionary light of the great romantic poets of all time. And thus one feels, notwithstanding Professor Knight's excellent discussion of this very point in the preface, that Wordsworth in a manner evades his admirably conscientious editor, entangling him in the jungle of matter-of-fact explanations, while he himself is away in some lonely upland, or else hidden in the woodland depths, "but to be come at by the breeze" of fine interpretation. We are most grateful to Professor Knight for all that he has given, but we should desire, in an ideal edition of Wordsworth, something more of interpretative criticism—for instance, in the little summaries of the

* The Poetical Works of Wordsworth. Edited by W. Knight. Vols. I.–VI. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 per volume.

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year's production prefixed to the poems of each year, which at present are surely a little meagre. Such summaries are among the opportunities of the chronological arrangement here wisely followed.

The question of rightly choosing his texts has involved Professor Knight in some searching of heart. Seeing that Wordsworth altered much, not always wisely, yet at times with extraordinary felicity, neither the plan of "earliest" nor that of "latest" version is without drawbacks. Wordsworth grew in command of style, of dignified and forcible expression, long after the rare and uncertain magic of his early speech had begun to decay; so that his alterations generally improved the weak places and damaged the strong, and, as a rule, made the whole less original if more unequivocally literary. It may fairly be argued that to give the earliest version of each poem is a logical consequence of adopting the chronological arrangement; since the object of this is to facilitate the study of the poet's mind in the growing—as it grew, and not, as in some later hour of retrospective analysis, he would have desired it to grow. Professor Knight has chosen to give the final version, a plan which has obvious and perhaps decisive advantages, but necessarily not that of facilitating historic study of the poet. The most striking result of this is that he relegates to an appendix the first version of the *Descriptive Sketches*, where the somewhat uncouth young Cumbrian of 1791-93 frames his lips awkwardly enough to echo the exquisite conventionalities of Goldsmith's music, without as yet catching more than a far-off suggestion of his own. A popular edition can hardly avoid some such compromise between the needs of the student of poetic processes and those of the reader of poetry; but it should be recognised that the compromise is made. Within the limits indicated, Professor Knight's edition, so far as it has gone, is an admirable piece of work; and the "editors of the twentieth century," to whom he commends a typographical improvement which struck him too late, are not likely to have an early opportunity of adopting it.

C. H. Herford.

NOVEL NOTES.

DAY-BOOKS. By Mabel E. Wotton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

Mr. Zangwill, in a recent causerie, speaks appreciatively of Miss Wotton's *Day-Books*. It is easy to see that Miss Wotton would please Mr. Zangwill; for, first, the very title of her work indicates that she sets out to be an observer—which is bait for Mr. Zangwill's realistic preferences—and, next, the contents of her volume show a subtlety in character study and motive that would rejoice Mr. Zangwill's modernity.

Seriously, there is that which arrests the reader in the present volume. The first story, which fills more than half the book, is its real distinction. It is a study with a strong and not usual motive, which is sustained with great interest and great plausibility of detail. If there is any fault from which Miss Wotton and most modernists suffer, it is a certain strain of sentiment which accompanies exceeding great subtlety, and which is pronounced in the stories that complete the present volume. Considering its subject, "Morrison's Heir" has very little of this abnormal appearance. We remember that Miss Guiney gave us a situation similar to that of Miss Wotton's first story last year, and that at the time it struck us as both new and intensely dramatic. The hero of the situation was a man who, to shield the woman that he loved, was forced to wrong his family by acknowledging as his heir a child not his own. In both Miss Guiney's and Miss Wotton's stories the woman is innocent of crime; and a situation so extraordinary is not easy to realise in a plausible way. We must admit that Miss Wotton has shown much more creative power, more of the real dramatic instinct than Miss Guiney in the convinc-

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ing realism of her story. Character is her main interest, as poetry of situation is Miss Guiney's ; and it is characteristic that her story should in the end turn less on this situation than on the problem of a light woman, caring more for the showy protestations of the man who betrayed her and whom she secretly mistrusts than for the silent, unselfish devotion of the man who has sacrificed himself for her honour. Miss Wotton's book has little of what one knows as artistic beauty, but it has virtues of substance and of an independent personality which give it character.

A KNIGHT OF THE NETS. By Amelia E. Barr. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Mrs. Barr, with all her pleasant talent for story-telling, can hardly rank as an artist. There is no style or other special distinction in her last simple story of the loves of Scotch fisher-folk. Yet if she is not "literary," she makes up for it by many more artless gifts. She has a great deal of winning and unaffected sentiment, and what one might call a "sense" of character. She penetrates it by a sort of natural sympathy rather than by profound psychology or a special genius for observation. The chief personages of the present story are Andrew Binnie and Christine, his sister ; Sophy Twill, the petted and spoiled girl, on whom Andrew spends his affection, who falls in love with the "laird" instead, marries him, and dies in that strange transplanting of a broken heart ; and Archie Braelands, the laird, whom Mrs. Barr might easily have made a literary hack figure, but intuitively pictures otherwise. Andrew Binnie is the "Knight of the Nets." He is the strong man who gives his whole heart to love, and is not broken by disappointment or loss. There is no attempt at working out a plot from these very simple themes of love ; but the characters are all drawn with genuine feeling. Mrs. Barr might very easily be a sentimentalist. She likes to draw with some softening of the lineaments of life, which, beside modern realism, looks a little old-fashioned. But she is not a sentimentalist ; she does not belong with the rose water lady novelists. All the people in this story are alive ; and it shows the author's happy gift of characterisation that Sophy's tragedy is the result of Archie's amiable weakness rather than his wickedness ; and that Sophy is not completely the frivolous, empty-headed child that elementary fiction would picture her, but has gifts of natural sweetness which make her real and pathetic. Even Andrew is not quite a paragon. He has his selfish man traits. Mrs. Barr is very conscientious about that.

The charm of the story is its simplicity and open-heartedness ; and that is a charm which will make its readers overlook some of the weightier concerns of literature.

THE HERB-MOON. A Fantasia by John Oliver Hobbes. New York : Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25

The Herb-Moon is a less pretentious work than Mrs. Craigie's preceding novel ; artistically it is hardly so good as *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*. Edward's love history happens in the orderly development of the main story like an interpolation. It is a sudden event without the prelude of causes that we have a right to expect ; and with its Meredithian conversations seems even more like an artificial passage than if it were of a piece with the author's usual manner. This book has one characteristic, however, which makes it easier reading than Mrs. Craigie's last novel. It mingles comedy with tragedy in a way that relieves the intensity of the tragic strain. There is a racy, bucolic humour in all Susan's philosophising on the marriage state.

"'The herb-moon?' repeated Rose, stupefied.

"'Aye! that's my name for one of these long courtships. Adam and I did all our courting in a fortnight ; that's why we are happy. This walking out with each other year in and year out till all your nerve is gone and you are sick with talking was never to my taste nor to my mother's before me. 'Tisn't natural, and I'm all for nature, I am.'"

This humour is the note of health in a book otherwise given over to suffering in an almost morbid degree.

Mrs. Craigie's work has at first glance a smartness of manner that looks like superficiality. It is misleading. Everything that she writes is planted deep in experience. What seems like cynicism in her work is sincerity, born, perhaps, of some bitterness, but not losing its grasp of a constant ideal. Her charac-

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terisation is extraordinary. The study of Rose is the distinction of the present book. We find her a woman who has made a mistaken marriage, and is left with a hopelessly insane husband when yet hardly out of her girlhood.

"She found herself in the terrible position of a young wife with no one to protect her, with no right to accept affection, with no right to bestow it, and with a craving for companionship so compelling, that in stifling it she broke her heart."

A friendship comes into her life which the youth in her instinctively embraces, questioning little. Finally she has to admit its impossibility.

"She watched his love die out. She killed the lover in him just as she had slain the woman in herself. She told her heart, which was too numb to ache, that it was better so. She ceased to care very much for his company; but then she no longer cared for anything: she felt chilled by her own coldness."

Rose's history is a history that would crush the spirit and be impossible as an artistic subject if it were not for the latent idealism in the conception of the story. There is a brave quality in the realisation of Rose's character and its resolute ideal that is tonic. Mrs. Craigie's manner may have a tinge of sensationalism; but her real book is far away from the sensational, in the region of sober experience and strong ideals.

IN SCARLET AND GRAY. By Florence Henniker. THE SPECTRE OF THE REAL. By Thomas Hardy and Florence Henniker. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

It is sufficient to say of these stories that they seem equally inexperienced as to the matter of life with which they deal and as to their artistic treatment. They choose the "shady" subject with a view to the prettiness of the situation, which is the falsest sentiment and the falsest art. In the last story—the joint product of Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Henniker—it is very easy to trace Mr. Hardy in the plot and Mrs. Henniker in the handling. Both writers show off each other to the most extreme disadvantage. Mr. Hardy's plot without his art is revolting; Mrs. Henniker, handling a situation of tremendous dimensions, is pitiful to the last. A girl who has had a secret marriage in her early youth, which was an empty formality, and has been released from its obligations by her lawful husband, is on the eve of marrying another and a high-minded man, who is ignorant of her history. On the night before her marriage, however, the first man turns up, and in her despair she is tempted into intercourse with him. This is the way Mrs. Henniker describes the tragic moment in which she sits down to write the letter of confession to her intended bridegroom:

"To write that was an imperative duty before she slept. It need not be said that awful, indeed, to her was the object—the letting Lord Parkhurst know that she had a husband and had seen him that day. But she could not shape a single line; and the visioned aspect that she would wear in his eyes as soon as he discovered the truth of her history was so terrible to her that she burst into hysterical sobbing over the paper as she sat."

There is no need in this note to follow to its ironic close a story so repelling and so feebly handled.

APHRODITE. Par Pierre Louÿs. Paris: Société du Mercure de France. Fr. 3.50.

The thread of story running through this book is as follows: Chrysis, a Galilean courtesan living in Alexandria under the Ptolemies, is seen by Demetrius, a famous sculptor, the handsomest man in Egypt and the lover of Queen Berenice, who has begun to bore him. He offers love to Chrysis, whose vanity leads her to refuse him unless he will perform three tasks, involving respectively theft, murder, and sacrilege. He accomplishes them all, and then, by a revulsion of feeling at her depravity, spurns her now that she has fallen violently in love with him, and exacts of her an oath to perform, in her turn, three tasks that end in her imprisonment and death. The story is nothing, and serves only as a pretext for M. Louÿs to give a minute and vivid picture of Bohemian life in Alexandria, as perfect in archæological detail as *Salammbô*, but less burdened by it. He has evidently read widely in the Greek erotic writers, especially in Alciphron, Aristænetus, and the romancers, and has apparently also gone through all the fragments of the Greek comic poets, with Aristophanes and Lucian. The whole thing is done in a Greek spirit, with an apparently complete oblivion of all modern notions of morality, decency, and reserve; and because of the air of perfect unconsciousness with which the author writes, one reads on without being particularly shocked.

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But the book is really one that should be in the hands of none but the scholar and the antiquary ; and the fact that it is now in its thirty-fifth edition shows that the *censura morum* in republican France is far less strict than under the Second Empire, which precipitately haled the author of *Madame Bovary* before the courts.

CAMEOS. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.00.

THE MIGHTY ATOM. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

THE MURDER OF DELICIA. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

Marie Corelli must be losing sleep in these days. When we reviewed her *Sorrows of Satan* a few months ago, we thought that we were sure of a reasonable period of repose ; but here she crops up again with three new volumes. We hardly think it necessary to display equal energy in reviewing them. Everybody knows by this time what Marie Corelli's books are like, and there are tens of thousands of people who actually buy them and read them with avidity. They are frequently diverting, sometimes smart, occasionally a little vulgar, and always intensely rhetorical. If we had to describe Marie Corelli in terms of literary geography, we should say that she is bounded on the north by Ouida, on the south by Laura Jean Libbey, on the east by Florence Warden, and on the west by Archibald Clavering Gunter. The volumes now before us touch all these various bounding points, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that *Cameos* is a collection of short stories, and that *The Mighty Atom* and *The Murder of Delicia* are not. We feel called upon to remark as an *obiter dictum* that if the author would let up a little on her rhetoric and put more stress on her syntax it would be to the general advantage of her pages ; but, after all, what does it matter ? The people who buy her books will never observe the difference, but will go on saying "between you and I," and eating peas with a knife, and admiring Marie Corelli down to the end of their harmless lives.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL. By Guy Boothby. New York : Ward, Lock & Bowden. $1.00.

No date fixes the reign of the beautiful white devil, and consequently the reader is—as *she* was—a good deal at sea. For although her fascinating and dangerous ladyship represents in certain respects the new woman in her newest aspect, in other respects she seems to belong to the time of Captain Kidd. And if it be hard to bring the pirate nearer than that period, and to identify the institution of piracy with contemporary social and commercial conditions, it requires a still greater effort of imagination to conceive of a woman pirate in either ancient or modern times. Mr. Boothby has, however, accomplished it, since that is the theory of his new extravaganza, in which he satirises the recent reversal of the relation of the sexes. The heroine is all that her name implies ; the hero is honest, modest, and virtuous. Their acquaintance comes about through need of his services as a physician on the island where her booty is stored. She seizes and carries him off by force, just as the primitive man used to seize and carry off the primitive woman before we had changed all that. His gentleness disarms her ; her bravery wins his timid heart ; they fall in love, and there is something like a reformation in the feeling if not in the life of the beautiful white devil. She comes finally to an abstract consideration of the archaic idea of marriage, and speaks to her lover touching the matter much as Lafitte might have argued with some timid Creole maiden.

"You have this moment called yourself an honest man," she says to the doctor. "Well, then, judged by your ideas of honesty I am not an honest woman. Look at your own career ; look at the name you have already created for yourself ; think of your future ; then how can I—a woman hunted by every nation, a woman on whose head a price is set, who dares not show her face in a civilised country—allow herself to share that name and that future with you ? . . . You have no idea what an extraordinary existence mine is. Why, my life is one long battle with despair ! I am like a hunted animal flying before that hell-hound man."

But as the good woman used under the old order to resist such arguments against love from the wicked man, so the good man now loves the wicked woman all the more for her crimes. Those who like the peculiar sort of literature which Mr. Guy Boothby produces will probably prefer this to his recent somewhat similar performance in *Dr. Nikola ;* but it is decidedly inferior to *A Bid for Fortune*.

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NELL HAFFENDEN. By Tighe Hopkins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.

The author has aptly characterised this work as a strictly conventional story. There are no new problems in it, no morbid psychology, no hysterical outbursts. The only kicking against the pricks is the old struggle in a young woman's heart between the domestic instinct fostered by training, and the inclination toward an artistic career that is always inborn. Every woman to whom the divine gift has ever been given, whether much or little, must have known something of this spiritual strife. In Nell Haffenden's case it was, perhaps, fiercer than usual, because she chanced to occupy a very humble place in the world—a place very near the soil, very closely in touch with that unbeautiful and sordid routine of rustic toil most distasteful to the artistic temperament. But the girl's beauty had drawn lovers across the line whereby genius sets its own apart in every station in life; and before she comprehends the unrest which is one of the penalties of the divine gift, she has promised to become the wife of a worthy young farmer. Thus caught, as it were, in a trap set by Fate—for there are none other than kind and honest folk in Mr. Hopkins's tale—the girl makes the fight with her heart for duty that so many older and wiser women have made. She can force herself to churn the cream, but she cannot help moulding the golden rolls into Grecian heads, and naturally the sculpture is better than the butter. To Mr. Tighe Hopkins, at all events, it has been revealed that not all women are created to chronicle small beer; that inherent tendencies may be more powerful than environment with a woman as well as a man; that the subtle, mysterious, elusive, unconquerable, wild thing with wings of flame—which we call genius for lack of a better name—has no sex. Inspiration is its opportunity. It makes its way even over such obstacles as surrounded Nell Haffenden, and about this immortal truth which the world is coming to recognise and to accept the author has woven an interesting story.

OLD COUNTRY IDYLLS. By John Stafford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

In the midst of the restlessness of the present literary movement there are two types of the short story which remain unchanged and which hold their audience as they have always done. One has for its motive the immortal lovers parted by the plots of the wicked and reunited by the triumph of the good; the other deals with the mysterious murder that is satisfactorily disclosed in the *dénouement*. Both of these time-tried methods are delightfully illustrated in *Old Country Idylls*, which, although it contains no surprises, will be found thoroughly satisfying. Ten tales make the book, and with a single exception they deal with the quiet aspects of English provincial life. The first, "Doris and I," is an idyll indeed, recalling Doris, the shepherd maiden, whose crook was laden with wreathed flowers, whose lap encloses wild summer roses of sweet perfume. The two that follow bear a strong family resemblance to the first. 'The Squire's Amanuensis" moves with a motive long familiar on the stage and in fiction, but we never grow tired of the pretty tale of the unwelcome but worthy young wife who wins the love of her husband's family under some innocent masquerade. "The Vicar of Wrocksley," "Connie," "Elsie," and "Under a Greenwood Tree" have all the same gentle, domestic atmosphere. "Sandro" alone is a dark, tragic tale of mystery and crime, and the work is well wrought out with a firmness of touch that the other stories scarcely prepare the reader for. But the writing throughout is admirable, and in the feeling of the work there are marked spiritual and poetic qualities, as when it records "one of those afterglows which large natures often leave, by which those who knew them in their mortal shining may still find some light to live by;" or describes the simple man who was "content to see the beauty of the mallow-flower without asking why it shuts at noon."

THE FEARSOME ISLAND. By Albert Kinross. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 75 cts.

By means of an appendix the author attempts to envelop his work in an atmosphere of probability. In this appendix it is stated that the work has been founded on an old Spanish history which describes the inhuman career and the diabolical inventions of an infamous alchemist, one Don Diego Rodriguez, who held the office of Grand Inquisitor toward the end of the fifteenth century.

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That the historical annals of that period of Spain's history record unimaginable horrors there can be no dispute, but one fails to find within that fact any justification of the literary atrocity which Mr. Albert Kinross has just perpetrated in this twentieth century of assumed civilisation. That any writer who is not a great artist, whose genius comes not at least within hailing distance of Poe's, should venture to conjure up and obtrude such impossible horrors as *The Fearsome Island* stands for, is an unpardonable offence. The feeling of resentment which the work arouses is, in fact, accentuated by the impression that the author held Poe in his mind's eye, although it is hard to say from what the impression comes, unless through the prominence of the black cat which pervades the story like the spirit of the Evil One. But if the writer were really thinking of Poe, he seems to have studied the master to little literary purpose, and the archaic affectation of the earlier part of the work—which disappears later—adds to the general awkward unpleasantness of the whole. Nor is there any sort of subtlety in its gruesomeness, which is of the old conventional pattern.

"What makes you up here, old witch, spells and sorcery?" the teller of the tales says to the stereotyped aged crone. "Then I turned to Satan that had dwelt with the witch: 'Knowest thou this lady?' I said in a thick voice. The black cat shrank up to my side, marvellous steady and sober. 'Satan, thou that I bought of a witch, thou that knowest the ways of sorcerers, is it safe to let this old crone live, or shall I hurl her from the turret window?' And with that I drew the hag closer to me, as if to execute my threat."

Along this line the work is merely absurd, and scarcely worthy of comment. But its details of the physical torture of both humanity and the lower animals are so minute and so revolting to every instinct of refinement, to say nothing of the reserve demanded by literary art, that the reader recoils sickened, and closes many unread pages.

ARTIE. By George Ade. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. 75 cts.

Now and then the reviewer encounters a book that he can examine only conscientiously; that he finds as impossible to read in the ordinary sense of the word as it would be to follow with unnumbed faculties a volume of those meaningless rhymes that children chant at play. *Artie* is a work of that kind, and the only impression to be gathered from it is that the author had *Chimmie Fadden* in mind. Yet the resemblance is very vague, and the story, if it may be called a story, is hardly a book for boys; nor is it a book for girls, nor for men or women, being neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. The most exasperating thing about work of this kind is the impossibility of describing it with fulness sufficient to justify the reviewer's judgment without giving valuable space to worthless quotations. Perhaps, however, a fragment selected at random from similar speeches of "Artie," covering two hundred pages, may serve:

"I told you what he was—a horrible Reub; one o' them fellows that you want to get a crack at the minute you see him. You kind o' feel there's a crack comin' to him. Mame opens the door, and I goes in—purty chilly, too. 'Who's your friend?' I says. She puts on as good a front as she can and says, 'That's Mr. Wilson that was up to the dance that night.' 'Well,' I says, 'he must be a peach to come around here after the way you turned him down.' She tries to pass it off, and says so-and-so and so-and-so about him bein' soft and writin' notes to her all the time. 'Come off,' I says; 'he wouldn't be writin' notes and comin' round here unless he had some pull.'"

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MY LONG LIFE. An Autobiographic Sketch. By Mary Cowden-Clarke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke sat down to write of the events of her long life because her nature is grateful and eminently social, and it seemed a pious duty to recall the pleasure afforded her by an unusual number of friendships and acquaintanceships, with very distinguished persons. But there is, to our mind, something in her account which far outweighs in interest what she has to tell us concerning celebrated people. Let us give precedence, however, to celebrities. Born in 1809, Mrs.

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Cowden-Clarke is one of the dwindling number who "once saw Shelley plain" —over the parlour window-blind. Keats was, of course, her husband's schoolfellow, and a frequent visitor to her father Vincent Novello's house. She can still remember his reverent look as he leaned against the side of the organ listening to her father's playing. Mary Lamb taught her Latin. Mrs. Shelley wrote Mary Novello's name on her copy of *Frankenstein*. "I can remember once," she writes, "creeping round to where Leigh Hunt's hand rested on the back of the sofa upon which he sat, and giving it a quiet kiss—because I heard he was a *poet*." A little later her dream was to gain a large fortune, set out for Italy, and lay the fortune at Leigh Hunt's feet. She had, at least, one interview with Coleridge. Better than that, she was on the most intimate terms of friendship with Lamb; and she was of the party that day when Lamb started up from dinner, and hastening to the garden gate, opened it for a donkey that had set longing eyes on the grass growing behind the railing. For Lamb's references to her father, see his "Chapter on Ears." Her acquaintance with musicians and actors was very wide. In fact, through her father, her husband, and her gifted sister Clara, the Countess Gigliucci, she came in contact with almost every one of note in all the arts in the first half of this century. Later on, her circle only widened, when she took up her residence abroad. Her social instincts have never dimmed, nor her intellectual interests slackened.

Few of us in this generation have any correct idea as to her industry. We only credit her with the Shakespeare *Concordance* and her *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*. But a list at the end of this book gives her productions as numbering sixty-one, exclusive of the present—a considerable number of these being, of course, verses or essays contributed to magazines and not reprinted in volumes—while she collaborated with her husband in six works. Fiction, verses, commentaries, biographies, essays, literary reminiscences, Shakespeare lore, dramatic criticism, the theory of music—her active brain busied itself over all these usefully, if not with brilliance. Her latest book is not an autobiography in any strict sense. The last two-thirds of it read like a record of holidays. She speaks, indeed, feelingly of her great bereavements; but save for that, you would think her life had had no shadow. She evidently did not think it worth while to note reverses and disappointments. But then she has never pretended to have the art to depict anything save the outside of things—and that only in the simplest, most childlike way. But without art, and seemingly without thought, she has given us some admirable pictures, and roused keen interest in one of her personages—namely, herself. There is a glow of health about the book, there is a bewildering vitality. Music, the theatre, literature, were never mere luxurious sweeteners of living; they were matters of first-rate importance to her from the beginning, and she was nourished on the best of them. Her long and happy married life, begun when she was seventeen, continued her opportunites, and doubled her enthusiasm. But the Cowden-Clarkes did not take their life or their enthusiasms cheaply. Frugality was for long a stern necessity, and they liked it. As dramatic critic for the *Examiner*, Cowden-Clarke went his round of the theatres with his wife, both always on foot. All kinds of drudgery had to be got through to eke out their small means, Mary doing her part from the first, and they thought life a delightful holiday. It was so all along. Sightseeing, compiling her concordance, acting in Dickens's dramatic company, exploring new countries, hearing new music—for everything she had an inexhaustible fund of energy. She must have been tired many a time: she doesn't think it worth while mentioning. You only hear of a fresh enterprise, a fresh enjoyment. She is all gratitude and eagerness. Even her experience of publishers "has been most agreeable." And there is no sign of decaying interest so late as 1891, when at the age of eighty-two she attended with full enjoyment the Mozart Musikfest in Salzburg, going on afterward to Dresden, where she says, "We made it our rule, as before, to enjoy every performance at the Hoftheater."

Though *A Long Life* cannot rank high among literary reminiscences, surely its revelation of time-defying youth must long give it a sympathetic place in a reader's memory.

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(1) IN THE SOUTH SEAS. (2) FABLES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Of these two books one is so slight that it is doubtful "whether it would have seen the light had the author lived;" the other, Stevenson confessed to be one of his literary failures. The *South Sea Letters* were perhaps as much a piece of hackwork as he ever attempted. He spared no pains on them, but literary inspiration failed him from the first. The load of matter was too heavy a lift for the artist. Then Colvin wrote discouragingly, and the author was stung to reply: "These letters were never meant and are not now meant to be other than a quarry of material from which the book may be drawn;" which was, after all, only a confession of his own discouragement. The book never was drawn; the thought of it was abandoned until, as Mr. Colvin tells us in the preface, when the Edinburgh edition was under discussion, Stevenson desired a volume made out of selections from the existing chapters

So much for these books, judged by the strict standards of Stevenson's finished artistic work and his own and Mr. Colvin's exacting estimates. But judging by the reader who cannot find anything that Stevenson did lacking in notable interest, they have a special place in the Stevensonian library. The author said truly of these *South Sea Letters* that however "poor as literature," he believed them to be "readable and interesting as matter." They are that, and for precisely the reason that Stevenson himself quarried the matter. Other writers might accurately observe and neatly record what they saw. The present writer has hardly professed to do more. But the fact is, it was Stevenson's personality which made him so rare an observer, and gave him opportunities so unusual for observation. He was a man whose versatility and extraordinary sympathy made him immediately an intimate with the most alien humanity. He saw the familiar where other people would have discovered only the preposterous; and he was always not only observer, but friend. Listen to this, for instance:

"When I desired any detail of savage custom, or of superstitious belief, I cast back in the story of my fathers, and fished for what I wanted with some trait of equal barbarism: Michael Scott, Lord Derwentwater's head, the second-sight, the Water Kelpie—each of these I have found to be a killing bait. . . . The native was no longer ashamed, his sense of kinship grew warmer, and his lips were opened."

The *Fables* are delightful, and we need not say are food for lovers of the esoteric Stevenson. That the writer of *Will of the Mill*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and, we may add, *Prince Otto*, should find an attraction in this form of literary art, goes without Mr. Colvin's affirmation. We do not know whether their present order in the volume is chronological, but should say it is approximately so. The lively *insouciance* of the opening fables sounds like the young Stevenson; and among them we particularly recommend "The Devil and the Inn-Keeper" and "The Yellow Paint." Those which close the volume have the deepening poetry, the vital and moving quality which mark the author's last work, and which grew with the humanising growth of his art. "The Poor Thing" is a fable as intense and graphic in conception as any we have ever read and as anything else that Stevenson ever did. "The House of Eld" is the only other fable in the volume that begins to match it for power and human significance.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE. From Mediæval to Modern Times. By Georgiana Hill. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co. $7.50.

These two large volumes have a becomingly formidable look, for the subject is a vast one and not easy to deal with. But Mrs. Hill has made them very easy reading—far too easy, in fact, to be of much service. It is a pleasant, a sensible, and a slipshod book. Even readers who ransack it for material for their debating club essays—and it has an air of being addressed to such—will occasionally wish that it were a little more definite, and that it condescended a little oftener to statistics. Of course, the subject is too large to be dealt with, even in two volumes, otherwise than superficially, and a superficial survey would be quite unobjectionable did Mrs. Hill take more pains to sift her authorities. A quotation is evidently, to her, evidence, and many of her quotations are most trifling. Also, for some of her boldest statements, those she has thought out for herself, she has failed to find sufficient contemporary corroboration. For instance, she holds that

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what the Church did for women with one hand it undid with the other. This is a point worth making on a subject about which much nonsense is talked; it should have been clinched with a definite, if arid, account of the privileges and disabilities of women under the mediæval and modern Church. Still, on the whole, the earlier portion of the book, with its account of how great ladies spent their time, how girls were educated as scholars in one generation and neglected in another, with the stories of women's social and indirect political influence, is very readable.

The later portion, however, will be scanned most closely. It deals with women in factories, in sisterhoods, in politics, and so on. Here Mrs. Hill shows herself to be rather well informed than an authority. She despises statistics, and prefers anecdotes. But though it is consoling to know that Miss Becker was no monstrosity, seeing she could dance the "hop-waltz," there should have been room, in two volumes, for many useful, as well as many agreeable facts; and a few accurate figures would have given a backbone to the chapters dealing with women's employments. She has, indeed, taken pains to collect some names and dates connected with the Suffrage movement, but as a picture of the complicated condition of that movement today, her account is practically useless. In the chapter dealing with political work there is one very important and misleading omission, while—and this is almost incomprehensible—the question of women's trades unions is ignored; yet the wages question is the key to the whole position toward which Mrs. Hill would have modern women strive.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

In our September number we announced that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company had in preparation a new edition of Mrs. Stowe's works. Three volumes of the Riverside edition, as it is to be called, have now appeared; the remaining thirteen volumes are promised to follow in rapid succession. The volumes already published show marks of very thorough editing, and enough is said of the excellence of the typography and binding when we say that they are in uniform style with the same edition of the works of Longfellow, Emerson, and other authors issued by the Riverside Press. The titles are *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, and *Agnes of Sorrento*. If Mrs. Stowe had never written *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she would by virtue of these books alone—and we ought to add *Old Town Folks*—have held a high rank in literature. We commend this edition heartily; those who have learned to value Mrs. Stowe's works will be grateful to the publishers for the resuscitation of these books, which form a rich and permanent part of American literature. Each volume has a beautiful frontispiece and an appropriate vignette on the title-page. (Price, $1.50 per volume.)

The same firm has also published a new edition of the collected poems of Celia Thaxter, which is fitly called the Appledore Edition. Great care has been taken in this collection to keep to her own arrangement and to the order in which the poems were originally published. "In this way," says Miss Jewett, from whose charming preface we quote, "they seem to make something like a journal of her daily life and thought, and which mark the constantly increasing power of observation which was so marked a trait in her character." The book is beautifully bound and printed, and affords readers an opportunity to add this volume, complete in itself, to the volume of her *Letters*, which was published last year. (Price, $1.50.) There seems to be no end to the ingenuity with which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company evolve new books out of the work of the great English poet Browning. The latest form which this has taken is a *Browning Phrase-Book*. (Price, $3.00.) This achievement has been done by Miss Marie Ada Molineux, who has worked so thoroughly and intelligently and so patiently on her task that hardly a quotable phrase used by Browning has escaped her eye. The references have been made in order to work with the Cambridge edition of Browning's works in one volume, as well as the Riverside edition in six volumes, and is brought out uniform with both of these editions.

The Macmillan Company have added another volume by Miss Edgeworth to their Illustrated Standard Novel Se-

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ries. *Helen*, a story which Mrs. Gaskell in her day used to say was one of the best of all English novels, is remarkable as a piece of admirable writing. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, writes the introduction. Age evidently does not seem to have dimmed Miss Edgeworth's brightness of intellect, nor to have divided her from the interests of the generations which had followed upon her own, for she was getting to be quite an old woman, and ten years of silence had intervened, before she once more began to write this novel. The illustrations in pen and ink, by Chris Hammond, are full of the spirit and humour of the times in which the plot is laid. (Price, $1.50.) To their edition of the novels of Björnson, edited by Edmund Gosse, the same firm has added a translation of *The Fisher Lass*, which is the fourth volume of the series. (Price, $1.25.) The Macmillan Company have also published another volume of their beautiful edition of Balzac, the new volume being *The Country Parson*, with a preface by George Saintsbury and etchings by W. Boucher. (Price, $1.25.) *Virgin Soil*, by the Russian writer Turgenev, translated by Constance Garnett, in two volumes, forms the sixth and seventh volumes of this series, which still leaves *The Sportsman's Sketches*, also to be published in two volumes, to complete the edition. (Price, $1.25 per volume.) *Robert Helmont: the Diary of a Recluse* has also been added by this firm to their picturesque edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet. (Price, $1.00.) It is a sufficient guarantee of the superior excellence of the book-making of both these volumes to remind our readers that they are made in England by the Messrs. Dent.

The Messrs. Scribner have recently issued three more volumes of the works of Eugene Field. *The Holy Cross and Other Tales* contains five new stories in addition to those in the original volume issued under this title; the material for the *Second Book of Tales* is made up for the most part from those which remained unpublished in book form at the time of Mr. Field's death; while in *Songs and Other Verse*, the last of the three, there have been gathered some four score unpublished poems, which include a great variety of verse grave and gay, the quality of which is on a level with the best of his published work. The songs have the lyric lilt which was Field's most charming quality. Lovers of Eugene Field will be glad to have an opportunity of adding these new volumes of his collected writings to their library. (Price, $1.25 per volume.)——Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley has added a new translation to the many which she has already furnished of Balzac's novels in the popular edition published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. *The Lesser Bourgeoisie*, which forms one of the series of "Scenes from Parisian Life," is the new title. (Price, $1.50.)——Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the celebrated Shakespearean editor, has made an interesting book in *Shakespeare the Boy*. He has sought to recall a picture of Stratford-on-Avon as it must have been when Shakespeare was living his boyhood there, and incidentally surrounds him with the influences which may have affected the character of the great dramatist in his youth. Dr. Rolfe has not only succeeded in calling up to our imagination the scenes in which Shakespeare's boyhood was probably passed, but he has also almost unconsciously afforded us a contemporary picture of the conditions of life which moulded our ancestors in the time of Henry the Eighth. The book is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with the notes and index which we should expect from so able a bibliographer as Dr. Rolfe. (Price, $1.25.)——Mr. Joseph E. Chamberlin, whose nightly essayettes under the heading of "The Listener" in the Boston *Evening Transcript* play the part of a modern *Spectator*, is perhaps not so well known beyond the city in which his observations on things in general have birth. But for a long time he has been urged to make a selection of these *Spectator*-like writings of his, and Messrs. Copeland and Day have succeeded in publishing two dainty little volumes which are respectively entitled *The Listener in the Town* and *The Listener in the Country*. We hope these little volumes will find a ready circulation, for they afford us a close observation of nature and human nature, and make most delightful reading. The subjects are mostly universal and trite, but the treatment is far from being so. Mr. Chamberlin always seems to have a fresh point of view, is

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always genial, and although a note of sadness may creep in here and there, the dominant chord is one of philosophic calm and mental equipoise. (Price, 75 cents per volume.)

Mr. Edward Arnold has issued a new edition, the third, of Dean Hole's *Little Tour in Ireland*, with illustrations by John Leech. The book is worth the price, if only for the illustrations; but those who are acquainted with Dean Hole's "Recollections" know how readable and racy is everything that he writes. (Price, $1.50.)

SOME RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Whenever we say anything about the use of the objective case after a passive verb we always soon after receive a shoal of letters, pointing out how innumerable grammars of the English language allow the use of this construction, and triumphantly asking what we have to say to that! The people who write these letters are enthralled by the pitiful American superstition which enshrines the dictionary and grammar as divinely inspired oracles, and do not know, poor things, that dictionaries are largely put together by unauthoritative young women at so much per mile, and that the production of a new grammar is getting to be one of the earliest and most certain symptoms of general paresis. These people will find comfort in a dictum of the latest English grammar that has come to us from the American Book Company, and that bears upon its title-page the names of Professor W. M. Baskervill and Mr. J. W. Sewell. On page 242 they repeat the dogmatic assertion common in many manuals, that "sometimes the indirect object of the active verb becomes the subject of the passive, and the direct object is retained; for example, 'She is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy;' 'I was shown an immense sarcophagus.'" It will be observed that the authors in the first example give a verb with an infinitive as an object, so as to make the sentence grate less upon one's linguistic nerves, and that they regard the verb of teaching as governing one accusative and one dative, instead of two accusatives as usually explained. In doing this, they probably take their stand on the undoubted fact that the Anglo-Saxon verb *tæcan* shows this use, though other verbs of teaching in Anglo-Saxon regularly show the double accusative. This is clever of Messrs. Baskervill and Sewell, because it enables them to work their principle of analogy here as they are fond of doing elsewhere, and thus inciting other grammatical writers who do not possess their knowledge of historical linguistics to push the thing still further and to intensify the prevalent belief that English is in reality a grammarless tongue. Then learners will be as much confused as they will by the reference to the dative case in the index to the present volume, though we can find no mention of that case as such in the body of the text. (Price, 90 cents.)

From the same firm comes *Practical Rhetoric*, by Professor J. D. Quackenbos, a beautifully printed book of 477 pages. The author's long and most successful experience and his excellent judgment are everywhere conspicuous, and it is a pleasure to turn over its pages and read his sensible remarks and the wealth of apt quotations wherein these dicta find ample illustration. Particularly good is the scant shrift that he gives to affected absurdities of pronunciation (p. 159); and we could wish to see in every school so wise a monitor as this book affords regarding the hydra-headed misusages and barbarisms that everywhere spring up to vulgarise our language. (Price, $1.00.)

Mr. Arlo Bates's *Talks on Writing English*, originally given by the author to the Lowell Free Classes, are admirable reading and gave us an agreeable surprise, for we had looked for something more academic and hence less practically useful. We have often expressed our scepticism as to the real value of any book as a means of inculcating the formation of a good English style; but at least this work of Mr. Bates's affords one of the best of good examples of what a style should be in its easy, simple, and often pointed sentences, and, above all, in its genial and sympathetic manner, than which we

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have seen nothing of the kind more charming. It is distinctly modern, too, in its allusions, and we see the morals pointed with pertinent bits of illustration from Stevenson and Pater and Vernon Lee and *The Heavenly Twins*, as freely as from older books and authors. Every chapter is excellent reading, and full of very acute observation and of common sense; and we think that the old literary hand will enjoy and appreciate Mr. Bates's sayings even more than will the persons for whom they are immediately intended. We wish, in particular, that we could quote a page or two from his concluding chapter, which treats of Style, and which really embodies some very profound and subtle truths; but we must content ourselves with giving the book a hearty commendation, and advising all our readers to peruse it. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.)

The Century Company sends us *Rhymes of the States*, by Garrett Newkirk, illustrated by Harry Fenn after sketches by the author. This relieves Mr. Fenn of a heavy responsibility, for while the sketches are admirably done, they are run together in a scrappy and confusing way that is not likely either to attract or to inform. The book gives on one page the principal statistics about a State, and on the opposite page the aforesaid sketches with some verses that are intended to fix in children's memories the chief fact or facts of the State's history. Mr. Newkirk says that in writing the rhymes he has taken as his model the famous "Thirty days hath September," etc. This is a pretty ambitious thing to do, for we do not believe that there is a single man alive who could make to order such verses as those of which every casual child in the street possesses a large collection. They are doggerel, of course, but in a way they are marvels, because of their extraordinary mnemonic quality, and this quality is due to their construction. Take this quatrain, for instance, that children repeat in their play:

> "The first the worst,
> The second the same,
> The last the best
> Of all the game."

Now it is impossible to read that over once and not remember it for the rest of one's life. It sticks in the memory like a burr. Why? Because talent went to its construction, and because its metrical qualities are subtle and ingenious to a degree. We are not going to say anything more about it, but we should like to have some teacher of English composition give it out to a class for an analysis of the sources of its mnemonic suggestiveness, and if the analysis be a good one, we will publish it in THE BOOKMAN with the author's name.

Among recent publications in Latin we notice a collection of short stories from Aulus Gellius, edited for sight-reading by Dr. Charles Knapp, of Barnard College. (American Book Company. 40 cents.) These stories are well selected, and their appearance is one of the welcome signs that American teachers are shaking off the thraldom of English and Italian classical traditions, which forbade a young student to read any Latin earlier than Cicero or later than Livy.——Messrs. Ginn and Company have brought out the select orations of Cicero, being a revision, by Professor Greenough and Mr. G. L. Kittredge, of the old Allen and Greenough edition. The changes in form, arrangement, and treatment are so extensive as to make it substantially a new work, and it has a large number of illustrations and plans from good sources, these being indicated in the index. The use of the character *ſ* in both text and notes gives the pages something of an old-fashioned look, but we quite agree that the comfort of young students is subserved by this anachronism.

Professor Florian Cajori, of Colorado College, is the author of a *History of Elementary Mathematics*, published by the Macmillan Company ($1.50). It is drawn in part from Dr. Cajori's larger work on the general history of mathematics that appeared last year, and differs from that book and from the similar and very popular book by Ball, in confining itself to an account of the development of arithmetical, algebraic, geometrical, and trigonometrical studies, omitting applied and transcendental mathematics. We look at it from the point of view of the non-specialist, and must pronounce it a most instructive and at the same time very readable piece of work, full of curious facts that form part of a wider history—the history of

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the intellectual development of mankind.

A very attractive and novel feature of *Elements of Geometry*, by Professors A. W. Phillips and Irving Fisher, of Yale University, is found in the illustration of the portion which relates to the Geometry of Space, by means of very finely executed half-tone engravings made from photographs of actual models. These make the demonstration as clear to the student's mind as would the presence of the models themselves, so that the book furnishes the teacher with a practical apparatus for his work such as could otherwise be provided only at a very considerable cost. The idea is itself an admirable one, and is in harmony with the general excellence of the whole work, whose clearness of exposition is well mated with typographical perfection. (Harper and Brothers.)

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The readers of THE BOOKMAN may not all be familiar with a new attempt to render available the constantly increasing and very formidable mass of material contained in the current numbers of periodicals. The Public Library of Cleveland, O., has undertaken to issue what it styles a *Cumulative Index to Periodicals*, of which the fourth number has just appeared. It is proposed to issue this monthly, and each month's issue will contain all the items indexed in the previous months from the beginning of the year. The December number will thus cover the whole year, and will be issued in cloth binding for permanent preservation. This undertaking seems to have been carried out excellently thus far, and deserves encouragement.

At a recent meeting of the English Association of Librarians an interesting paper was read by Mr. H. R. Tedder concerning the present status of a universal catalogue of English literature. This scheme, which has occupied the attention and excited the desire of librarians and scholars for many years, does not seem to be approaching any practical realisation. The Association has deliberated on the matter for nearly twenty years, and the only hopeful feature in the situation is the publication of the British Museum Catalogue. This, it is estimated, contains perhaps sixty per cent of the whole body of English publications. Mr. Tedder makes the proposal to excerpt the English titles from the British Museum Catalogue, and to supplement them with titles derived from a large variety of other bibliographical works from a preliminary rough catalogue. Any such undertaking which promises reasonable success, completeness and accuracy, will be only possible for the State. The fullest catalogues in existence fall far short of completeness, and it is completeness that is chiefly valuable and that is also the greatest cause of expense. Considerable sums are being expended by private enterprise, and much time wasted in libraries and in the book trade because of the lack of such comprehensive national lists to register and identify the entire book product of a people. It is an undertaking worthy of the State, and, if ever realised in any country, it will be of the greatest value.

Mr. John MacMullen, who was for a number of years Librarian of the Society Library in New York City, and who has been for the past few years a member of the staff of the Columbia University Library, died on September 11th. Mr. MacMullen was one of the oldest librarians in the country, a graduate of Columbia College (1837), and remained in library work until practically the last day of his life.

The Cornell University Library Bulletin has gone the way of a number of similar publications issued by university libraries. Its latest number announces that the publication is to be discontinued.

Public libraries in the United States are often housed in strange localities. It remained for an English municipality, Dewsbury, to project and complete a structure, one part of which was devoted to a public library and the other to public baths. This library has just been dedicated. This novelty may seem worth copying.

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The University of Freiburg, in Germany, is one of the latest universities to have a new library building. Such a structure is in process of erection at an expense of $150,000.

The Bulletin of the National Library at Florence gives the number of books issued in Italy during the year 1895 at 9437. It may be interesting to compare this with the number reported in the United States for the same period, 5469; while the product of Germany was 23,607.

The library schools which have sprung up in this country during the past few years continue to prosper, and are unable to accommodate all their applicants. The Pratt Institute Library School, in Brooklyn, has just added a second year to its course, and this is to be devoted chiefly to advanced work in cataloguing and bibliography. Much of its work is to be done at the Lenox Library, in New York.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the American Library Association was held from September 1st to September 8th at Cleveland, O. It was eminently successful in point of numbers and enthusiasm. A glimpse at its programme and at the list of persons present shows how pre-eminently the free public libraries have seized upon and now carry on this Association. The same thing seems to be true of the similar Association in England. While the librarians of the larger and more scholarly libraries now and then attend and are made welcome, the Association finds its chief support and work among the custodians of the free circulating libraries, and its programmes as well as its membership are largely recruited from this source. Mr. W. H. Brett, librarian of the Cleveland Public Library, was chosen President for the coming year. The Association expects to make a trip to Europe next year, holding one part of its annual meeting there. The usual post-conference trip was carried out by many of the members. It consisted of an excursion to the Mackinac.

The Teachers' College, in New York City, has appointed as its librarian Miss Elizabeth G. Baldwin, who has been for eight years in the cataloguing department of Columbia University Library. Miss Elizabeth G. Denio, who was the former librarian of this library, resigned some months since on account of illness.

Mr. Edwin H. Woodruff has resigned the librarianship of the Stanford University, and has been appointed Professor of Law at Cornell. Mr. Woodruff seems to be one of those librarians versatile enough to take up any profession with success. Mr. Herbert C. Nash has been appointed Mr. Woodruff's successor at the Stanford University.

The Massachusetts Library Club held its annual meeting on October 7th at Woburn. This club is in a flourishing and active condition. It took up, among other topics, the theme which seems to be engaging the attention of a good many libraries in Europe at present, the difficulties in the decimal classification and their adjustment.

The Howard Memorial Library, at New Orleans, has been giving considerable attention recently to its collection of Louisianian historical material; and its collection is said to be the best in existence in that field. Its librarian, Mr. Beer, is acting as consulting librarian of the new public library which is being inaugurated in New Orleans. This will start with the consolidated collections of two or three old libraries, and ought to perform an important work in library development in the South.

Among recent changes in library positions should be noted that of the appointment, in the Jersey City Free Public Library, of Miss Esther E. Burdick as librarian in place of Mr. George W. Cole, who resigned some time since on account of ill-health. Miss Burdick has been acting librarian since Mr. Cole's resignation, and her success is attested by her appointment to the librarianship.

The new library building of Princeton University, which has been made possible by the beneficence of some friend of that institution, is being rapidly pushed forward. The building will be, when complete, one of the most important of American university library structures. It is to cost some $500,000, and will provide accommodation for 1,000,000 volumes.

The new building of the Columbia University Library, at Morningside Heights, is rapidly approaching completion, the main structure being substantially completed and roofed over. The construction of the central dome will, however, require some further time.

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The purchase by the Yale University Library of the collection of the late Professor Gneist, which has already been reported in these columns, finally fell through after the collection had been shipped to this country.

The library of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has been enriched by the gift of the collections of ex-Governor Alphæus Felch, chiefly rich in American history.

A new library building has recently been dedicated for the Western Reserve University, at Cleveland. It is a structure in English Gothic, and holds about 50,000 volumes.

The Wisconsin Historical Society is erecting on the University grounds, at Madison, a new library building.

The trustees of Yale University have set apart a recent bequest of $200,000 from the Thomas Sloan estate as a library fund.

George H. Baker.

A great deal of demoralising drivel has been written and published during the past few weeks with regard to the rejection by the Boston Public Library of the Macmonnies Bacchante. For our part, we think that the action of the Committee in rejecting it was not only justifiable, but deserving of the highest possible commendation. The artistic merits of the statue do not enter into the question at all. A public library is supposed to stand for the intellectual elevation of the community at large, and to be a purifying and inspiring influence. Hence we fail to see the appropriateness of giving place within its walls to a work of art, however meritorious, whose subject and associations suggest nothing but drunkenness and lust. It would be little more out of place in the vestibule of a church. We congratulate Boston upon the possession of a body of cultivated men who with so much courage and good taste are willing to stand firmly upon the side of the best American sentiment and tradition.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

During the past two months we have received a swarm of letters and postcards embodying much trenchant criticism of THE BOOKMAN'S diction and of its stylistic usages. We salute our highly esteemed and sprightly correspondents; and we now stand forth to receive their epistolary spear-points full in the centre of our editorial shield.

I.

Mr. Israel U. Sage, of Gramercy Square, in this city, writes two very amusing letters, in which with the greatest good humour he runs a tilt against us. In the first place, he calls our attention to the fact that in our last number (p. 78) we have allowed one of our reviewers to remark, "We are accorded an insight," and asks us what we have to say. We reply with grief that we have nothing at all to say, except that we failed to observe the atrocity in reading the proofs. Unfortunately the editor who has charge of the passive voice was taking his annual vacation at the time, so that things went wrong in his department. This, we are painfully aware, is only an explanation, and not an excuse; and we assure our correspondent that we feel properly humiliated. Mr. Sage next proceeds to point out that the latest catalogue of Columbia University contains the clause "nor will he be given credit." Well, what of it? We didn't write the catalogue of Columbia University. Had we done so, this thoroughly detestable construction would not have been permitted to pollute its pages. Then Mr. Sage quotes from p. 3 of the September BOOKMAN the expression "different *to*," and wants to know whether it is good English. We should say not, nor good American either; but it is excellent British. The paragraph in question was furnished to us by a literary Briton, and we let him write it in his own language, just as we should have accorded the same privilege to a Frenchman or a German. "Different *to*" has, however, the sanction of Thackeray's usage, apropos of which they relate that the great novelist, who was not above fishing for compliments, once asked James Russell Lowell whether there was any-

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thing anachronistic to be observed in the English of *Henry Esmond*, and whether its language was not strictly Addisonian. To which Mr. Lowell, with a rather quizzical look, replied, "Do you think, now, that Addison would have written 'different *to*'?" Mr. Sage winds up by observing that when we reply to criticisms, he thinks that we ought to give the names of the persons referred to. We shall do so with pleasure whenever we are perfectly sure that the persons in question are willing to have their names appear; but many of our correspondents write anonymously and others very informally, so that we do not want to get into trouble by giving them a perhaps unexpected publicity. We gladly give Mr. Sage's name, however, and if he will write us some more of his clever notes we will glorify him in Long Primer or Old English or any other kind of letters, for he certainly deserves any typographical distinction that may suit his taste. We hope, also, that our space will permit us to print his next communication in full, for the general delectation of our readers.

II.

Some one, over the signature "B," sends us from the St. Denis Hotel the following query:

"How does the *Sun's* critic (i.e., THE BOOKMAN) justify 'She has taken a place among this class of writers'?"

We are inclined to think that our correspondent does not quite understand the essence of the subject that he (or she) is trying to tackle. We advise him (or her) to go back and peruse our former observations and then cogitate for a while over the matter.

III.

Two letters of like purport have come to us. We print the shorter of the two.

"In Mrs. Lynn Linton's paper on George Henry Lewes and Thornton Hunt she seems to imply that she has elsewhere written in defence of Mr. Lewes's wife, and (by implication) in condemnation of George Eliot's connection with Mr. Lewes. Can you inform me where I can find her discussion of the subject?"

In a paper published by Mrs. Linton in the English periodical called *The Woman at Home* for September, 1895. We may say that the publication of Mrs. Linton's book, to be entitled *My Literary Life*, containing these interesting chapters of literary history, has been postponed until after Christmas.

IV.

A clergyman writes us from Trumansburg, N. Y., asking us to beg the *Chap Book* to mend its typographical ways and employ a proof-reader occasionally. We said something on the subject not very long ago, but it was of no avail, so that we have given it up. To tell the truth, we have trouble enough in getting our own pages into reasonably good shape without taking upon ourself the responsibility of our contemporary's internal affairs.

V.

In our June number we related three anecdotes which, as we said, "cast a lurid light upon the literary culture of East, West, and South respectively." Now comes a letter from Philadelphia taking us to task for our use of the word "lurid." "The writer certainly means a *red* light," says our correspondent, and goes on to point out with some etymological detail that "lurid" cannot mean "red," etc., etc., etc. Well, now, how does he know that we "certainly meant *red*"? We didn't. We meant a weird, ghastly, diabolical light—in fact, a lurid light, just as we said. Our correspondent is a good etymologist, but he would starve as a mind-reader.

VI.

We have received the following query:

"In the September number of THE BOOKMAN, your Paris correspondent gives an estimate of Mr. Edmond de Goncourt which speaks of his 'insincerity,' of 'his literary *pose*,' of 'his moral cancer,' with much more to the same effect. *Germinie Lacerteux* is characterized as 'dull and ill constructed.' May one who has always read THE BOOKMAN very carefully and who values its critical opinions very highly ask whether this estimate by Mr. Sherard coincides with your own?"

This is perhaps a good opportunity for us to say that we are by no means bound by our various contributors' opinions. When signed articles appear in THE BOOKMAN they must be understood as embodying only the views of the writer who signs them. Of course we should not admit to our columns any article that seemed to us lacking in essential critical ability; but we must recognise that in most questions there ex-

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ist great differences of opinion, and we believe in giving both sides a fair hearing. As to the matter touched upon by our correspondent, we are free to say that we totally disagree with Mr. Sherard, and as to *Germinie Lacerteux*, we regard it as one of the great novels of the century—almost epoch-making, in fact, as exercising a very powerful influence on the methods of subsequent realists both in France and England.

VII.

Some one who is rather belated in his impulse to write to us sends us a long letter protesting against our defence of the construction "the United States *is*," and attacking our assertion that the name "United States" embodies a singular concept as denoting a political entity. We do not feel disposed to continue the discussion of the point any further. Groping about in the dim recesses of our memory, we have a vague sort of notion that there were once some battles and things that had to do with the settlement of this question; but, anyhow, we are content to rest our case on what we have already said regarding it.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1896.

The annual text-book sales have been the feature of the past month's business, and the season having been late in opening, these sales still continue. There has been nothing of marked importance in this line, the majority of publishers reporting a slight increase in orders, but without a corresponding increase in sales. The following list of books includes some of those most largely used in their various branches of study: Frye's Series of Geographies, Chardenal's French Course, Hyde's Language Series, and Allen and Greenough's Latin Books.

Trade in miscellaneous stock has continued very quiet, the tendency to hold off till the Presidential election being unusually noticeable, some buyers declining to place stock orders altogether, and others asking that orders shall be held until the result of the election is known.

City trade is very dull; the book dealer's complaints are numerous, and will probably increase when it is noticed that some of the large department stores are again using popular books for leaders at prices in some cases below cost. This is a practice which demoralises bookbuyers and must eventually hurt the publishers, who should take decided measures to stop it.

Notwithstanding the above unfortunate state of affairs, it is encouraging to note the publishers' evident faith in a good autumn business. It seems as if more new books were coming out this season than ever before, and in looking these over, it is interesting to notice that while fiction leads in point of numbers there is a very large percentage of miscellaneous subjects and an unusual amount of juvenile literature.

The month's sales of fiction have been led by *The Damnation of Theron Ware; A Singular Life* has been a good second, and these have been closely followed by *King Noanett*, *Checkers*, and *Without Sin*. The popularity of *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *Barabbas*, and *The House Boat on the Styx* still continues, and with the presence of Ian Maclaren in this country, an increased demand for his popular *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and other volumes is quite evident.

The month's publications include books of first importance, such as Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady*, *The Heart of Princess Osra*, by Anthony Hope, and *Sweetheart Travellers*, by S. R. Crockett, while others of interest and worthy of special mention are *A Tragic Idyll*, by Paul Bourget, *Love in Old Cloathes*, by H. C. Bunner, *The Murder of Delicia*, by Marie Corelli, and *The Regicides*, by Frederick Hull Cogswell.

A perceptible falling off in the demand for currency books has not, however, reduced the call for this class of literature, and *Coin's Financial School*, White's *Money and Banking*, and Walker's *International Bimetallism* are still selling rapidly.

Li Hung Chang's visit created some demand for works on China and Eastern countries generally, so that *A Cycle of Cathay*, by W. A. P. Martin, has proved an opportune book. *With Fire and Sword in the Soudan* continues to sell, and the publishers announce a new and cheaper edition now in preparation.

While at present there is no special demand for religious works, a number of new books have been brought out, notably *Year Books*, such as *Good Cheer for a Year*, by Phillips Brooks, and *A Daily Thought for a Daily Endeavour*, by Eleanor Amerman. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's *Beulah Land* will also be appreciated.

The list given below is that of the best-selling books for the month, and is composed almost entirely of fiction:

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.

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Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. $2.00.
Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cents.
Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Reds of the Midi. By Félix Gras. $1.50.
Checkers. By H. M. Blossoms, Jr. $1.25.
Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. $1.25.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. $1.25.
Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. $1.50.
Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25.
Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1896.

The best thing that can be said of the opening of the autumn business this year is that it is certainly better than what most people expected. As the trade, however, in view of the experience of the last two or three years, is inclined to be decidedly pessimistic in its forecasts, this statement may not be as satisfactory as it appears at first sight. Every day makes it more evident that were this an ordinary year, with no money question and no Presidential election to disturb things, business would be better, relatively, than it has been for a long time, and the trade would be congratulating itself upon the dawning of a new era of business activity and prosperity.

So far, sales in the country have been rather light in their cash value, but fairly plentiful in number, and as many dealers openly confess that they are holding off for a time, but expect to buy later on, it looks as if the expectations formed last month in regard to trade during the holidays will be fulfilled. New novels are selling better, perhaps, than anything else, and even the smaller dealers, who combine books with a little of everything else under the sun, are interesting themselves largely in forthcoming fiction and the other important books to be published this season.

September business shows an increase over that of August, but it ran pretty much along the same lines. Sales of financial books declined a good deal, and it is felt that we are within measurable distance of the end of the recent extraordinary demand, and from now on sales of this class of literature will not much exceed the normal. New books sold well last month and so did staple miscellaneous books, but in other lines the demand was lighter than usual.

Judging from the announcements—a full list of which is now before the trade—one would think that the book business is in a very flourishing condition, for they are unusually generous. Indeed it is difficult to decide whether quality or quantity is their most marked feature, both being so much in evidence. Fiction of course plays the prominent part, with Juveniles next, but History, Biography, and every other class appear to be richer than usual.

The visit of "Ian Maclaren" to this country is causing an increased demand for his books, and advance orders for *Kate Carnegie* are daily being recorded.

The September list of new publications is unusually large, even for the season, and is notable besides for the quality of the books published. Fiction was well represented by a large number of works, many of which will be, no doubt, important factors in autumn trade. *Sir George Tressady*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, *The Herb-Moon*, by John Oliver Hobbes, and *The Heart of Princess Osra*, by Anthony Hope, are starting off best in fiction at present, but there are a dozen or more of others that are selling well, which lack of space prevents us mentioning. *Sweetheart Travellers*, by S. R. Crockett, *Witch Winnie in Holland*, by Elizabeth W. Champney, and *The Scrape that Jack Built* are notable additions to Juvenile literature, and beside these there are several new works by G. A. Henty, James Otis, Horatio Alger, and other renowned writers.

A class of books which always finds a ready sale is that which, although dealing with scientific facts and phenomena, presents them in a way almost as alluring as in romance, and cause even a non-studious reader to absorb knowledge unawares. Among the most successful of comparatively recent works of this kind are Margaret W. Morley's two books, *A Song of Life* and *Life and Love*, the Columbian Knowledge Series and Appleton's Library of Useful Stories. These sell steadily all the time.

There is quite a marked call nowadays for Burns's *Poems*, which is due, mainly, to this being the centenary of his death, and in a slighter degree to the success of the recent school of Scotch writers. Several new editions of the poet's works have appeared lately, most of which have many good points to recommend them, but it will be hard to find among them a better book for the reader and library use generally than the one-volume edition, edited by Andrew Lang, which we have just received. The book is marvellously cheap, considering the beautiful typography and the first-class nature of the bookmaking.

Field Flowers, by Eugene Field, published in the interests of the Field Monument Fund Committee, met with a large sale last month, and sales of the poet's works generally are very good indeed.

The following books sold best last month, in the order in which they are placed :

Sir George Tressady, 2 vols. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00.
Field Flowers. By Eugene Field, net. $1.00.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50
A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
The Under Side of Things. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
Tom Grogan. By Frank Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
Menticulture ; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

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March Hares. By Harold Frederic. $1.25.
Songs and Other Verses. By Eugene Field. $1.25.
Second Book of Tales. By Eugene Field. $1.25.
An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, August 24 to September 19, 1896.

The ever-welcome autumn revival of trade has now fairly begun, the reopening of the schools helping matters considerably in this direction, as is usually the case. The publisher's announcements are more numerous than ever, but the trade would rather that they should be fewer in number, as the competition of the different publications against each other causes additional labour without increased returns. Orders from abroad are numerous and satisfactory.

London Pride, by Miss Braddon (the first of this author's publications to be brought out in one volume), *The Murder of Delicia*, by Marie Corelli, and *Sir George Tressady*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, judging by the demand before publication, bid fair to become the leading novels of the season.

For many years Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott have been the leading authors of fiction. Latterly this has been altered, and although of the three Scott is decidedly most popular, the public taste has undergone a decided change. There is no new author who takes their places, and the sale of fiction is increasingly and noticeably more ephemeral each year.

Orders for diaries of all kinds are being received in good numbers, nor has the custom of giving away this class of publication as advertisements seriously affected this line of the business.

Simultaneously with the arrest of "Number One" considerable inquiry for Le Caron's *Recollections of a Spy* was made.

A new arrival in its class is the *Jewish Year Book*, styled the "Jewish Whitaker" by some. Judging from its sales, there is room for it.

Several new magazines are being published, among them the *Temple Magazine* and the *Avenue*. It is early yet to assign any position to them. Meanwhile, the old favourites are as popular as ever, especially *Chambers's Journal*.

Short stories are again coming to the front, but their sale is always uncertain. A small publication, entitled *Armenia and its Sorrows*, is selling by thousands. A more extensive and detailed work is announced, and is sure to be freely read. All books on South Africa are eagerly sought for by a certain class of the community.

Appended is a list of the books enjoying the popular favour at the moment of writing. The order of the titles has no significance.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Without Sin. By H. S. Pritchard. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
The Broom Squire. By S. B. Gould. 6s.
The Story of a Lost Soul. By H. C. Davidson. 6s.
Meiklejohn's School Series.
The Sorrows of Satan. By M. Corelli. 6s.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of *Mona Maclean*. 6s.
Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Black Diamonds. By M. Jokai. 6s.
Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
A Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
False Coin or True. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.
The Prisoner of Zenda By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
March Hares. By G. Forth 3s. 6d. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
In Scarlet and Grey. By F. Henniker. 3s. 6d. net.
How We Made Rhodesia. By A. G. Leonard. 6s.
The Wild Life of Scotland. By J. H. Crawford. 8s. 6d. net.
Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By R. R. Dolling. 6s.
Armenia and its Sorrows. By W. J. Wintle. 1s.
Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 3s 6d.
Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Twenty-five Years' Secret Service. By H. Le Caron. 2s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between September 1 and October 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes)
5. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. In Sight of the Goddess. By Davis. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone.)

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3. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. 'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus. By Didier. $1.50. (American News Co.)
6. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
5. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. Heart of Life. By Mallock. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1 50. (Appleton.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
2. Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Lenox. By Hibbard. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. William H. Seward. By Lothrop. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Field Flowers. By Field. $1.00. (Field Monument Fund.)
3. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes).
4. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg.)
5. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner).

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Vauder's Understudy. By Reeves. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
2. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
3. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. Etidorhpa. By Lloyd. $2.00. (Clarke.)
5. Mrs. Gerald. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
2. Songs and Other Verses. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Second Book of Verse. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. The Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00 (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton).

DETROIT, MICH.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
3. Mrs. Gerald. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. In the Sight of the Goddess. 75 cts. By Davis. (Lippincott.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
2. The Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. Sound Currency. By Reform Club. $1.25. (Reform Club.)
5. Bimetallism. By Walker. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. Bimetallism in the United States. By Laughlin. $2.25. (Appleton.)

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Barabbas. By Corelli. $1.00. (Lippincott.)
2. The Head of a Hundred. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. History of the Warfare of Science with Theology. By White. $5.00. (Appleton.)
4. An Army Wife. By King $1.25. (Neely.)
5. Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. By Bunner. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Babe, B.A. By Benson. $1.00. (Putnam.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Herb-Moon. By Hobbes. $1.25. (Stokes.)
4. A Cycle of Cathay. By Martin. $2.00. (Revell.)
5. Cameos. By Corelli. $1.00. (Hutchinson.)
6. Tales of Our Coast. By Crockett and others. $1.00. (Chatto.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Master Craftsman. By Besant. $1.50. (Stokes.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Checkers. By Blossoms. $1.25. (Stone.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Murder of Delicia. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
3. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. (Ginn.)
3. An Honest Dollar. By Andrews. 50 cts. (Student Pub. Co.)
4. The Puritan. By Byngton. $2.00. (Roberts.)
5. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Money and Banking. By White. 50 cts. (Ginn.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner).
4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton)
6. An Army Wife. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Heart of Princess Osra. By Hope. $1.50. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)
2. Black Diamonds. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Soap Bubbles. By Nordau. 75 cts. (Neely.)
5. Herb-Moon. By Hobbes. $1.25. (Stokes.)
6. One Day's Courtship. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (H. S. Stone & Co.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Dorothy Marvin. By Snaith. $1.00. (Appleton.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Essays on Nature and Culture. By Mabie. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEET, J. AGAR.—Nature and Christ: a Revelation of the Unseen. 12mo, pp. iv–184, 75 cents.....Eaton & M.

BRUCE, A. B.—With Open Face; or, Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark and Luke. 12mo, pp. viii–257, $1.50.....Scribner

CUYLER, T. L.—Beulah-land; or, Words of Good Cheer to the Old. 12mo, pp. 208, $1.00. Amer. Tract Soc.

DICKINSON, G. LOWES.—The Greek View of Life. 16mo, pp. xii–236, $1.00.....Scribner

MCCURDY. J. F.—History, Prophecy, and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations. Vol. II. to the Fall of Nineveh. 8vo, pp. xxi–433, $3.00 *net*.....Macmillan

SCOFIELD, W. CAMPBELL.—The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures. 12mo, pp. 302, $1.00.....Revell

STELLHORN, F. W.—Annotations on the Acts of the Apostles. 8vo, pp. ix–420, $2.00. Christian Lit. Co.

USHER, E. P.—Protestantism: a Study in the Direction of Religious Truth and Christian Unity. 8vo, pp. ii–440, $1.00.....Lee & S.

RATZEL, F.—The History of Mankind. Translated from the Second Edition, by A. J. Butler. 8vo, pp. xxiv–486, $4.00. Macmillan

FICTION.

BALZAC, H. DE.—The Country Parson. Translated by Ellen Marriage. 12mo, pp. xii–291, $1.50.....Macmillan

BARR, R.—One Day's Courtship; [and] The Heralds of Fame. Narrow 16mo, pp. ii–207, 75 cents.....Stokes

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE.—The Fisher Lass. Translated from the Norwegian. 16mo, pp. vi–291, $1.25.....Macmillan

BLANCHARD, AMY E.—Taking a Stand. 12mo, pp. 292, $1.25.....Jacobs

BOURDILLON, F. W.—Nephelé. 12mo, pp. 166, $1.00.....New Amsterdam Book Co.

BUNNER, H. C.—Love in Old Cloathes, and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. xii–217, $1.50. Scribner

BUSCH, FRANC.—The Jewish Leonora: a Story of Old New York. 16mo, pp. 222, 50 cents. Caruthers

CAREY, ROSA NOUCHETTE.—The Mistress of Brae Farm. 12mo, pp. 437, $1.25. Lippincott

CHAMBERLIN, J. E.—The Listener in the Country. 16mo, pp. vi–126, 75 cents. Copeland & D.

CHAMBERLIN, J. E.—The Listener in the Town. 2 vols., 18mo, pp. vi–142; vi–126, $1.50 *net*. Copeland & D.

CLARKE, M. A. H.—Heavy Odd: a Novel. 12mo, pp. iii–380, $1.00.....Lippincott

COGSWELL, F. H.—The Regicides: a Tale of Early Colonial Times. 12mo, pp. 369, $1.50.....Baker, T.

CORELLI, MARIE.—The Murder of Delicia. 12mo, pp. 274, $1.25.....Lippincott

COWAN, J.—Daybreak: a Romance of an Old World. 12mo, pp. viii–398, $1.50. Richmond

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COWDRICK, J. C.—Will Hutton's Will; or Father against Son. 12mo, pp. ii–81, 50 cents. National Temp. Soc.

DAWSON, W. J. — Story of Hannah. 12mo, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

DOUGLAS, AMANDA M.—The Mistress of Sherburne. 12mo, pp. vi–345, $1.50...Dodd, M.

DUMAS, A.—The Black Tulip: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 199, paper, 25 cents.....Ivers

ELMSLIE, THEODORE C.—The Pilgrim Child. 12mo, pp. iii–178, 75 cents. Amer. S. S. Union

FARLEY, Mrs. HELEN H.—Sweetheart. Square 8vo, pp. iii–84, 75 cents...Amer. Tract. Soc.

HARDY T., and HENNIKER, FLORENCE. — In Scarlet and Grey: Stories of Soldiers, and Others. 16mo, pp. iv–210, $1.00....Roberts

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN.—The Golden Fleece: a Romance. 18mo, pp. 193, 75 cents. Lippincott

HENTY, G. A.—At Agincourt: a Tale of the White Hoods of Paris. 12mo, pp. x–356, $1.50.....Scribner

HENTY, G. A.—On the Irrawaddy: a Story of the First Burmese War. 12mo, pp. x–315, $1.50.....Scribner

HENTY, G. A.—With Cochrane the Dauntless: a Tale of the Exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American Waters. 12mo, pp. 388, $1.50.....Scribner

HOBBES, J. O.—The Herb-Moon: a Fantasia. 16mo, pp. 288, $1.25..... .....Stokes

HOLE, S. R.—A Little Tour in Ireland. By an Oxonian (S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester). 12mo, pp. 225, $1.50.....Arnold

HOPE, A.—The Heart of Princess Osra. 12mo, viii–301, $1.50.....Stokes

HORNUNG, E. W.—The Rogue's March: a Romance. 12mo, pp. xiv–403, $1.50..Scribner

KERNAHAN, COULSON.—Captain Shannon. 12mo, pp. vi–296, $1.25.....Dodd, M

MACLAREN, IAN.—Illustrated Edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." 12mo, $2.00. Dodd, M.

MACLAREN, IAN.—Kate Carnegie. 12mo, pp. x–358, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

MAGRUDER, JULIA.—The Violet. 12mo, pp. x–210, $1.25..... ...Longmans, G.

MARKOE, E. — My Lady's Heart: a Sketch. 16mo, pp. ii–178, $1.00..... Roberts

MITFORD, B.—The White Shield. 12mo, pp. viii–301, $1.25 .....Stokes

MOFFAT, W. D.—Not Without Honor: the Story of an Odd Boy. 12mo, pp. 261, $1.25. Arnold

MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—Philippa. 12mo, pp. 328, $1.25 .....Lippincott

MORRIS, Mrs. R. C.—Dragons and Cherry Blossoms. 12mo, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

MUNROE, KIRK.—Rick Dale: a Story of the Northwest Coast. 12mo, pp. vi–282, $1.25. Harper

MUNROE, KIRK.—Through Swamp and Glade: a Tale of the Seminole War. 12mo, pp. xii–353, $1.25 .....Scribner

PEMBERTON, MAX.—A Puritan's Wife. 12mo, pp. viii–361, $1.25..... ..... Dodd, M.

PERRY, NORA.—Three Little Daughters of the Revolution. Thin 12mo, pp. vi–64, 75 cents. Houghton, M.

PHILLIPS, H. W.—Fables for the Times. Oblong folio, pp. 45, $1.25 .....Russell

POLLARD, ELIZA F. — Green Mountain Boys. 12mo, pp. 320, $1.25.. ....Dodd, M.

PRATT, CORNELIA ATWOOD.—A Book of Martyrs. 16mo, pp. viii–179, 75 cents..Scribner

RAMÉ, LOUISA DE LA (Ouida). — Two Little Wooden Shoes: a Story. 8vo, pp. 240, $1.50. Lippincott

SPINNER, ALICE.—A Reluctant Evangelist, and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. x–337, $1.50. Arnold

STEVENSON, R. L.—Fables. 16mo, pp. viii–92, $1.00..... ....Scribner

STOCKTON, F. R.—Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. 12mo, pp. viii–314, $1.50.....Scribner

WARD, Mrs. HUMPHRY. — Sir George Tressady. 2 vols., 16mo, pp. viii–307; iv–352, $2.00..... .....Macmillan

WILLIAMS, N. W. — The Bayonet that Came Home: a Vanity of Modern Greece. 16mo, pp. 214, $1.25.....Arnold

WOODS, KATHARINE PEARSON.—The Crowning of Candace. 16mo, vi–233, 75 cents. Dodd, M.

WOODS, KATHARINE PEARSON,—John: a Tale of King Messiah. 12mo, viii–346, $1.25. Dodd, M.

WRIGHT, JULIA MCNAIR. — Cynthia's Sons: a Commonplace Story. 12mo, pp. 366, $1.25. National Temp Soc.

YECHTON, BARBARA.—We Ten; or, the Story of the Roses. Large 12mo, pp. vi–383, $1.50. Dodd, M.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M. — The Wardship of Steepcoombe. 12mo, pp. x–309, $1.25. Whittaker

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